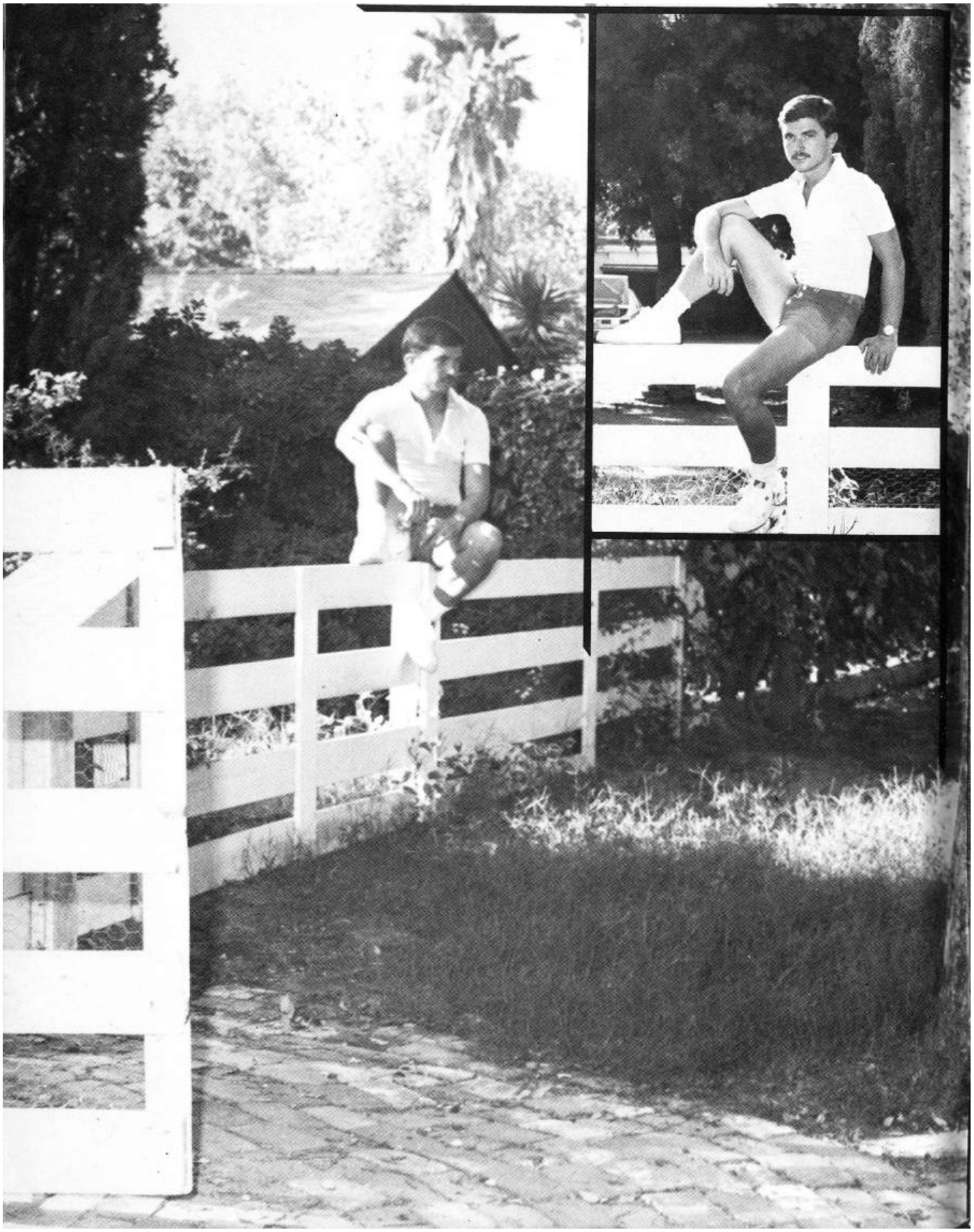
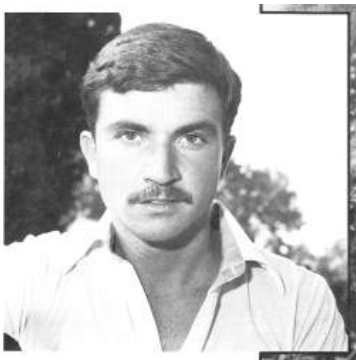
HIGH SCORE

8.50

featuring THE MANHANDLERS no8

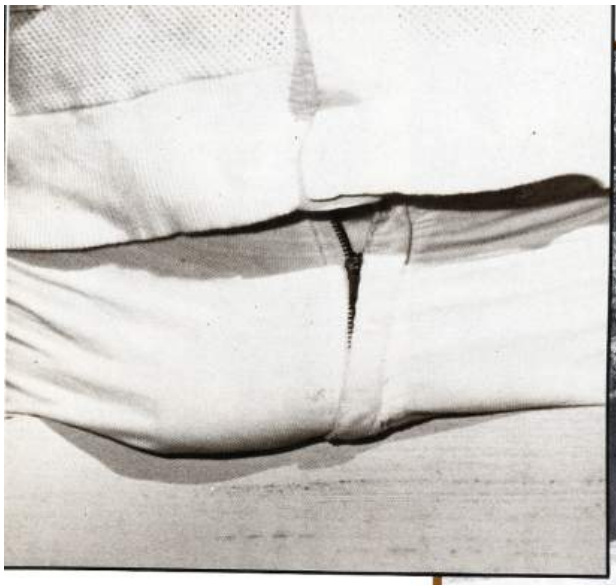
ADULTS ONLY

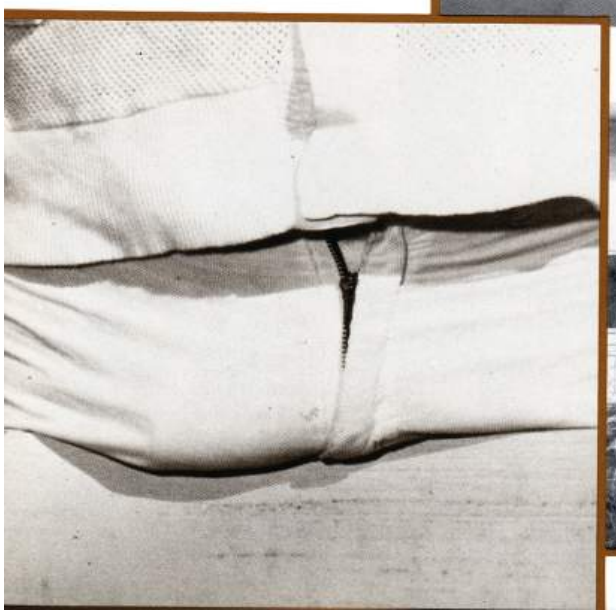


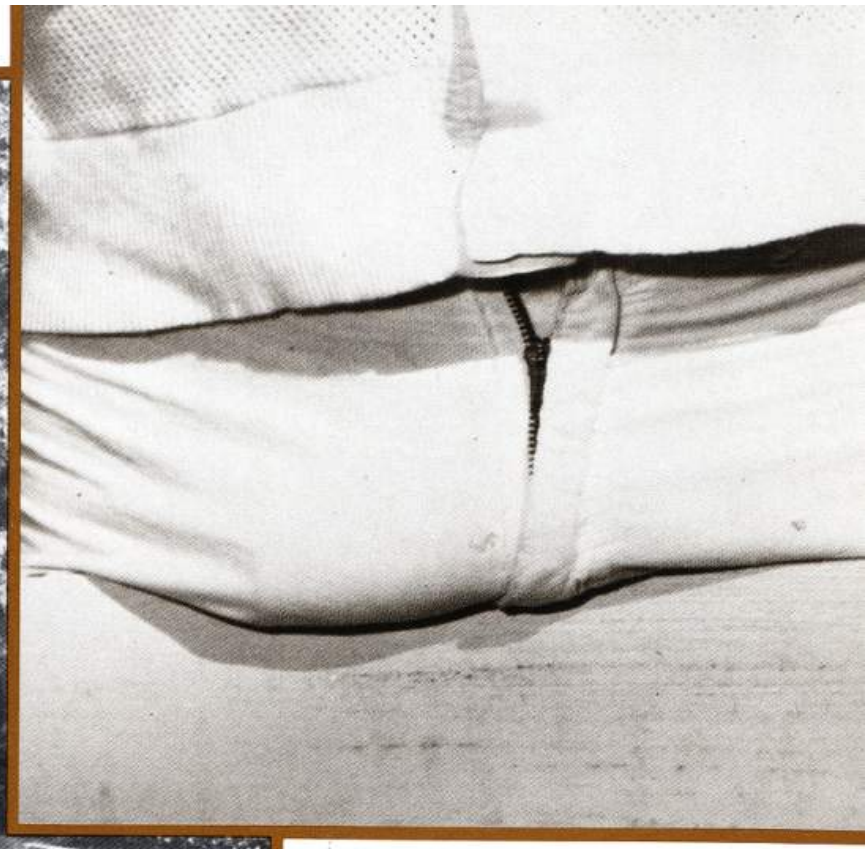


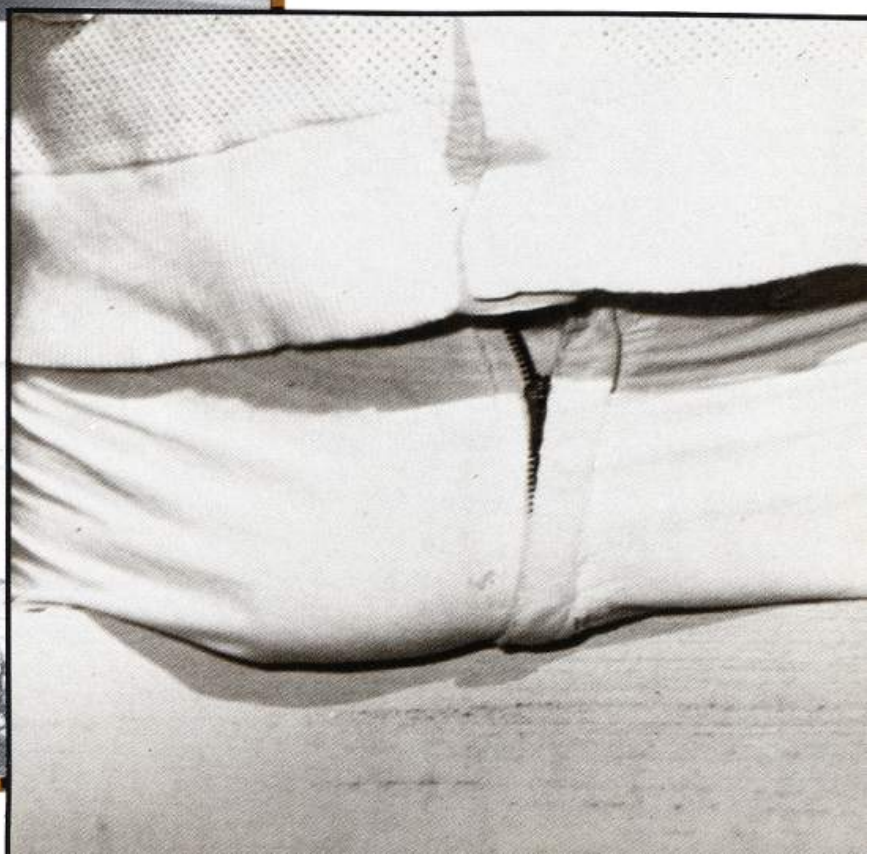
TIM RICE watches astride the fence in front of his house . . . watching and waiting. He rented the house originally not so much because of the house itself but because of all the humpy looking young dudes who lived in the neighborhood. He hasn't been disappointed yet. The walls of his house have seen hot, wild sex scenes. It is almost as if that's all **TIM RICE** lives for . . . the feel of a man's hot hard stiffness rammed . . . thrust . . . shoved . . . deep and deeper still . . . into every opening in his body. But . . . he somehow never seems to be totally . . . completely . . . finally satisfied. While he has had those hard hot man-rods that have been long enough . . . thick enough . . . stiff enough . . . to probe as deep as he has needed to finally put out the raging fire that burns him with flashing desire when they explode in a gush of lava-hot male cum . . . there still seems to be a small something missing. So still **TIM RICE** waits . . . watches . . . astride the fence in front of his house . . . waiting . . . watching . . . hoping . . .

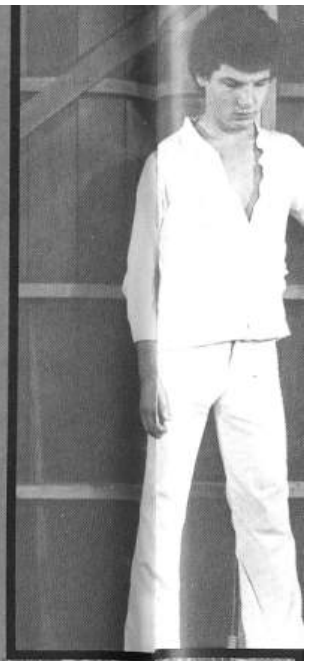
DALE ARNOLD sets out on his early morning walk . . . just the same as he has done for the past few years in the neighborhood. He has carefully selected the tight white pants that never fail to get him the attention he craves . . . the attention of hot, hungry male eyes burning holes in the skintight pants . . . boring in on his huge half-stiff man-rod . . . clearly outlined there under that stretched material. His gait is slow . . . sensuous . . . revealing . . . he knows it will get him exactly what he wants . . . desires . . . needs . . . and soon! It doesn't take long. His eyes catch the look of the new guy in the block. That hot, steady gaze is fixed on his display of male meat. **DALE ARNOLD** stops . . . thrusts his hips just slightly forward . . . making sure the nice-looking young stud on the fence can see it all . . . every ready inch. A smile is exchanged . . . then another. Finally the guy on the fence drops his eyes to his own rapidly stiffening crotch. That is all the sign **DALE ARNOLD** needs. Moving . . . not too quickly but with the same sensuous-slow gait . . . he strolls over to the still smiling young man . . .

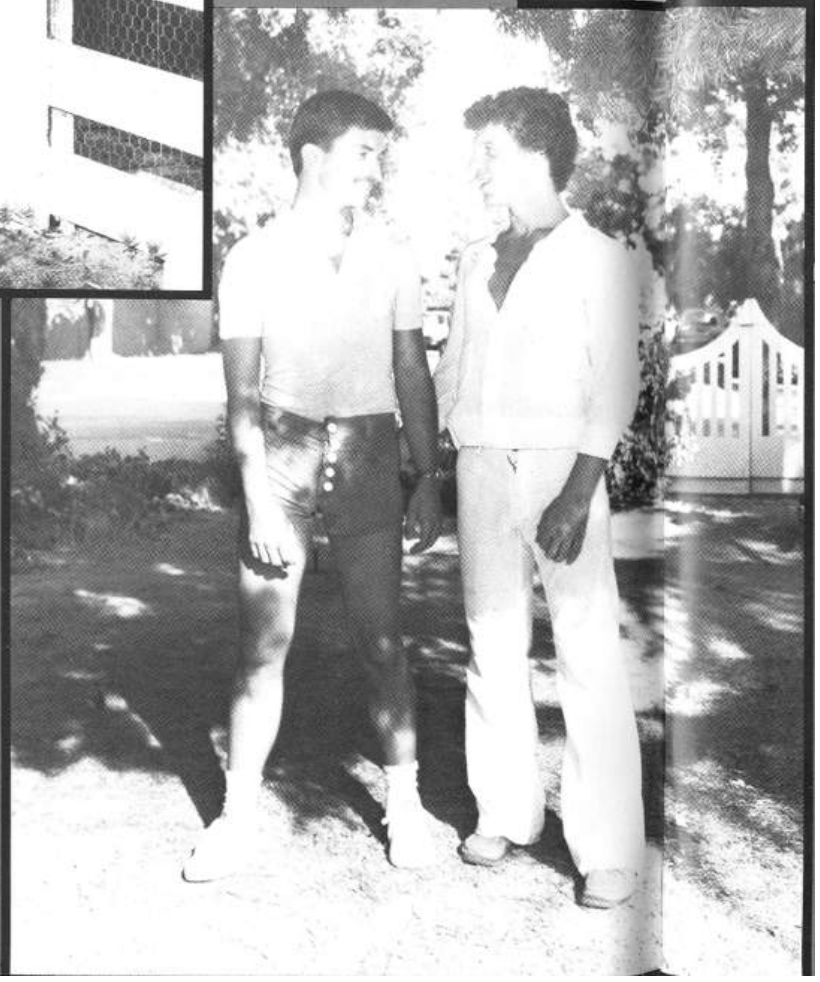


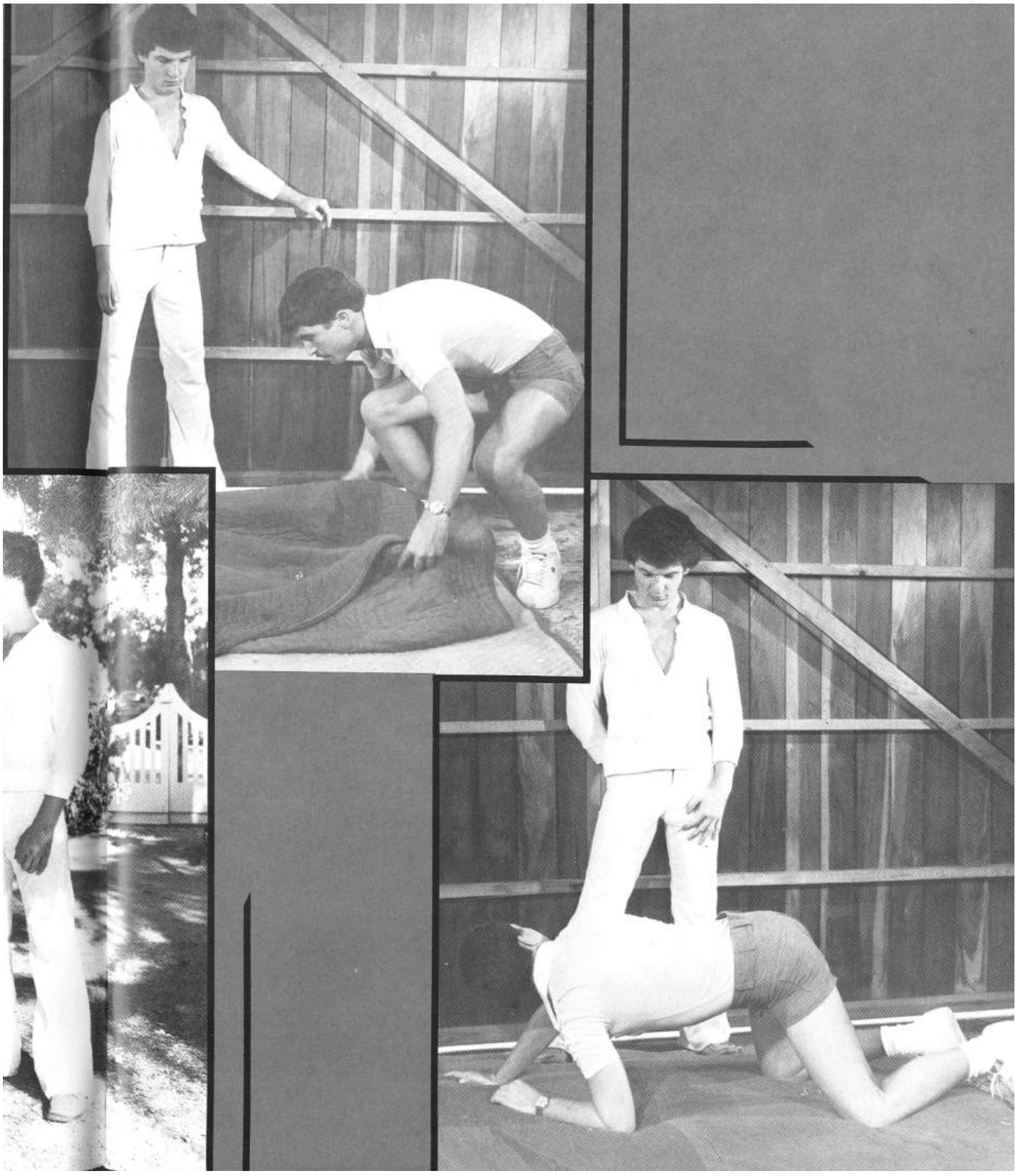


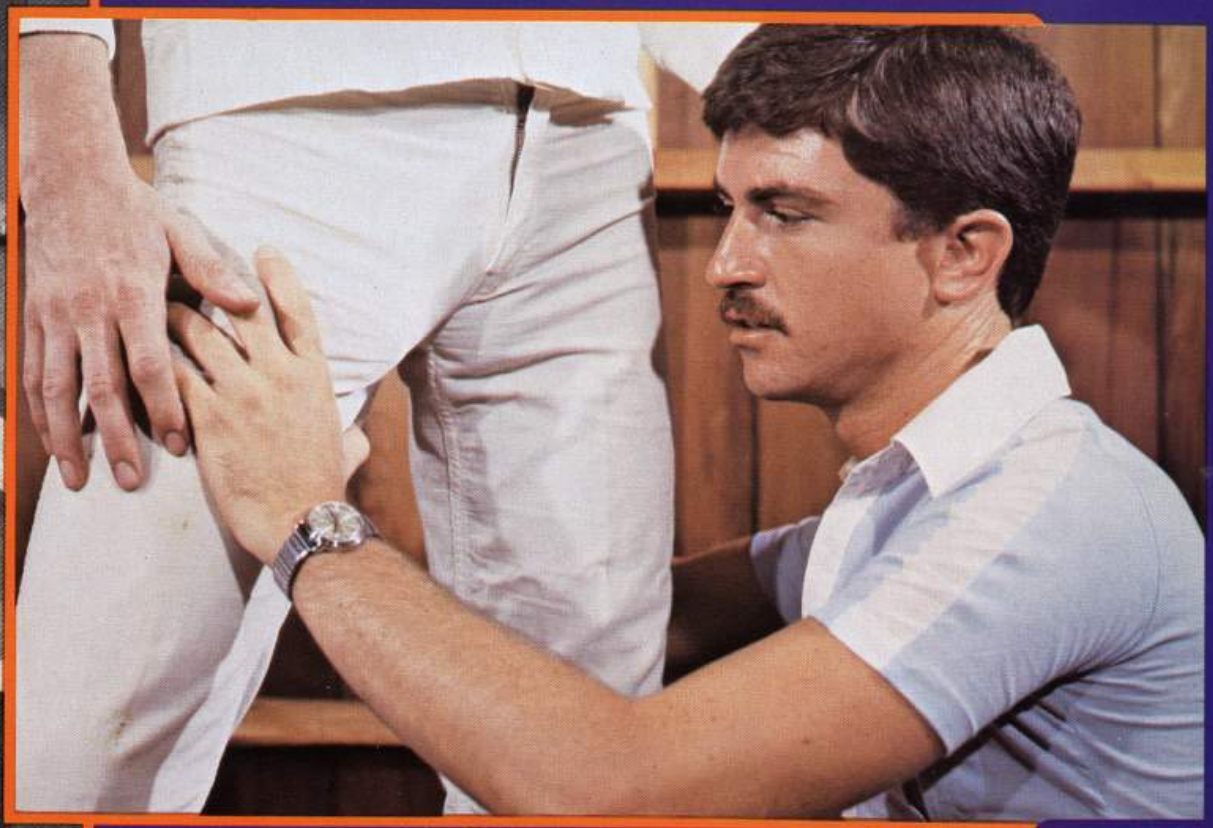


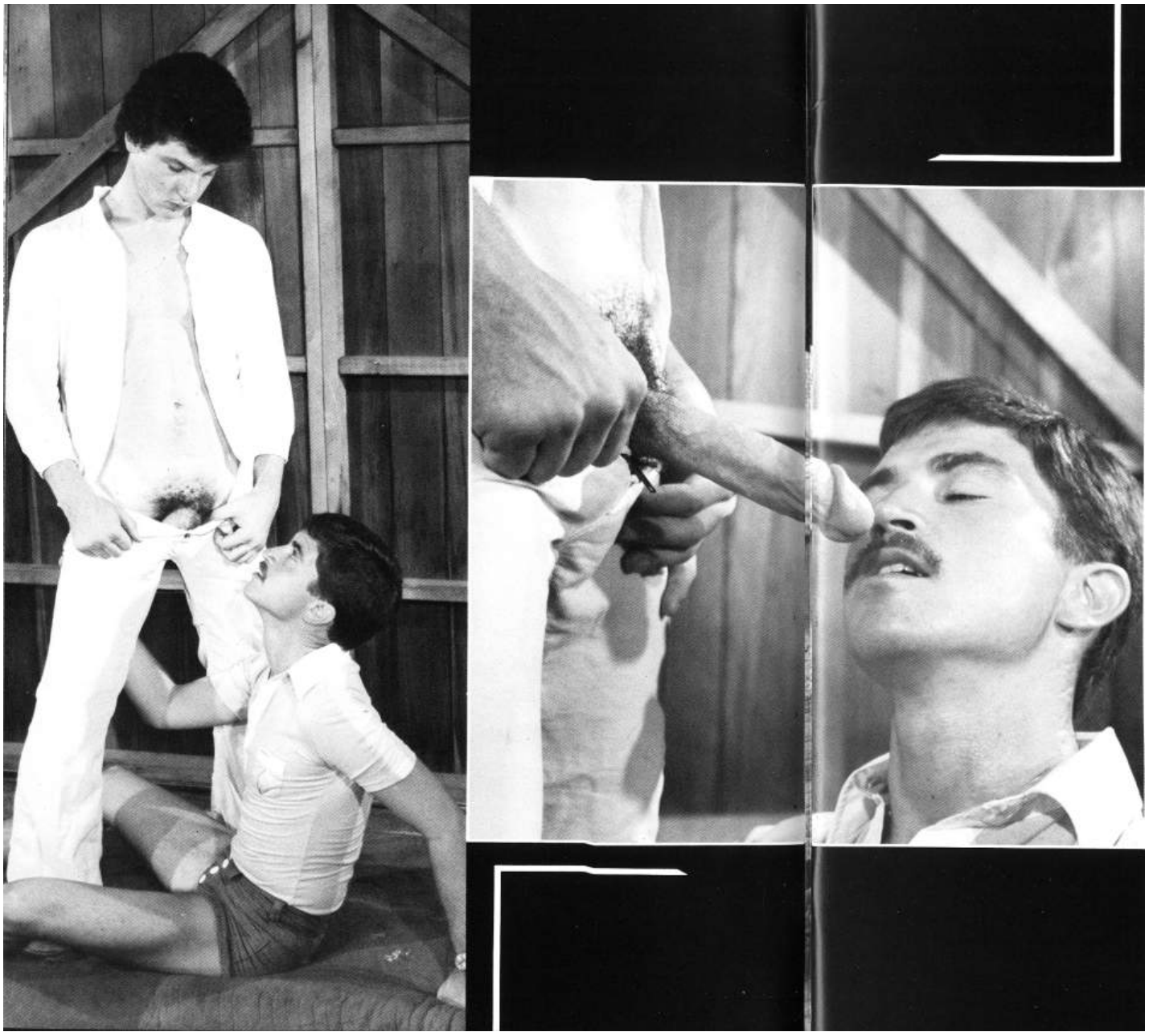


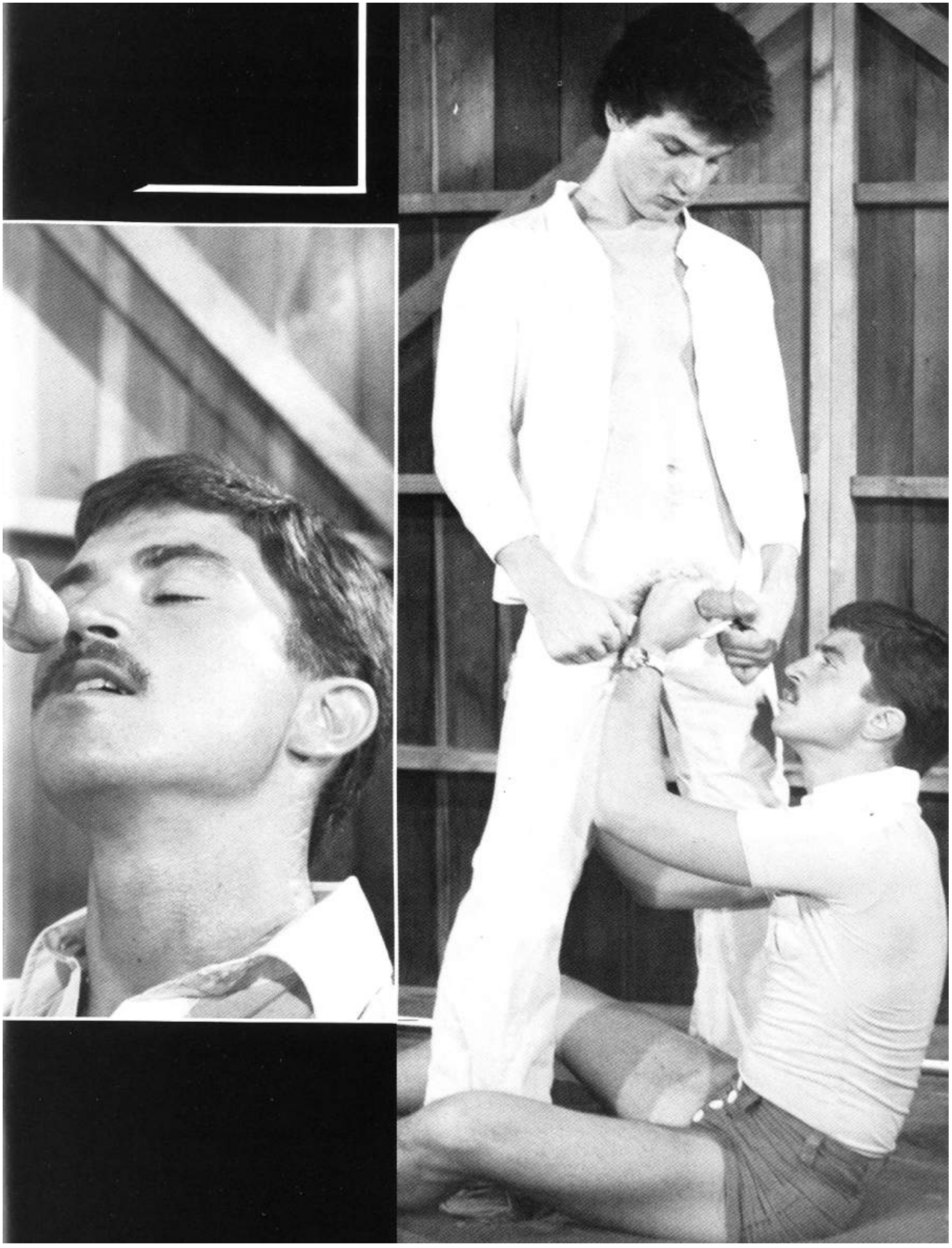


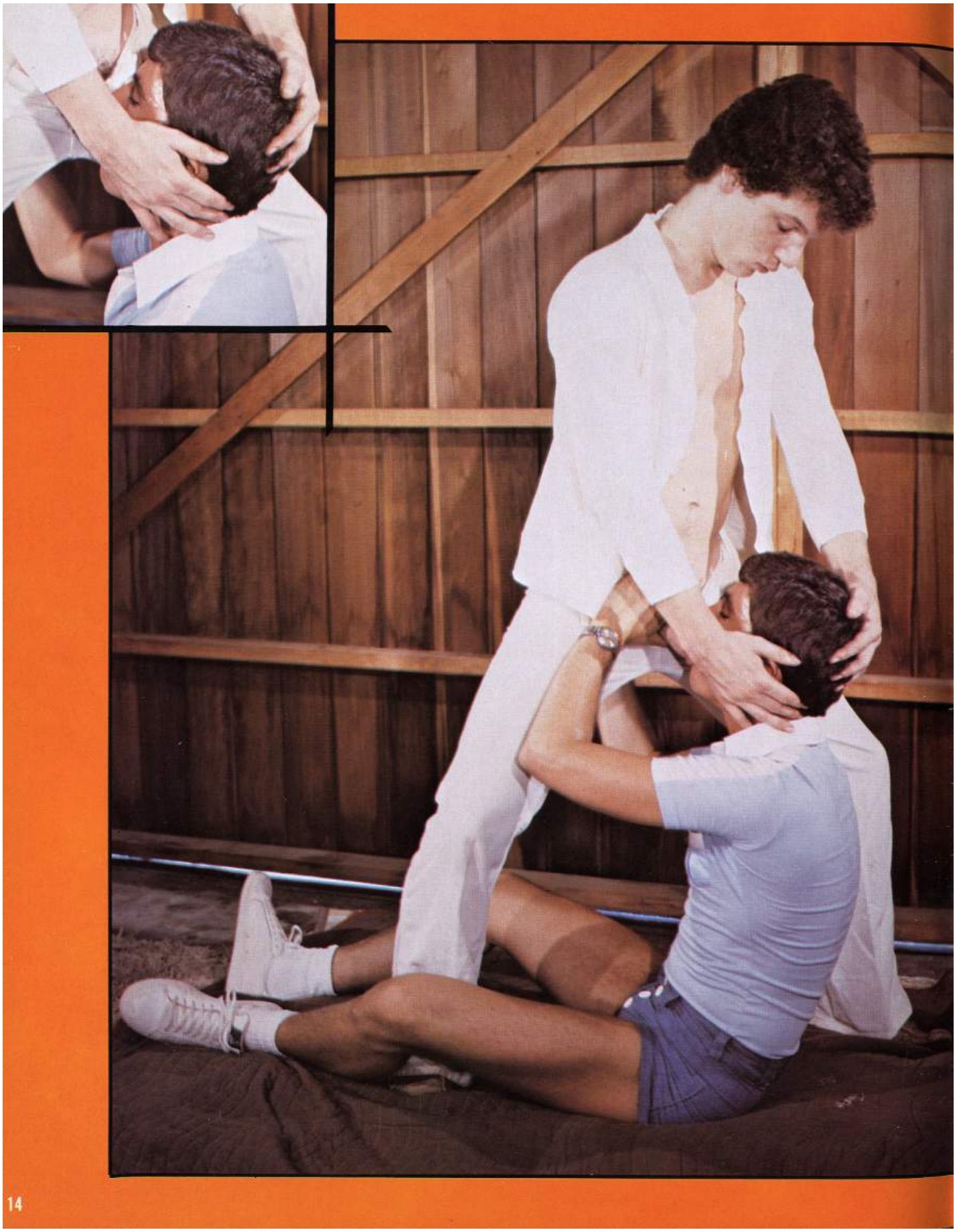


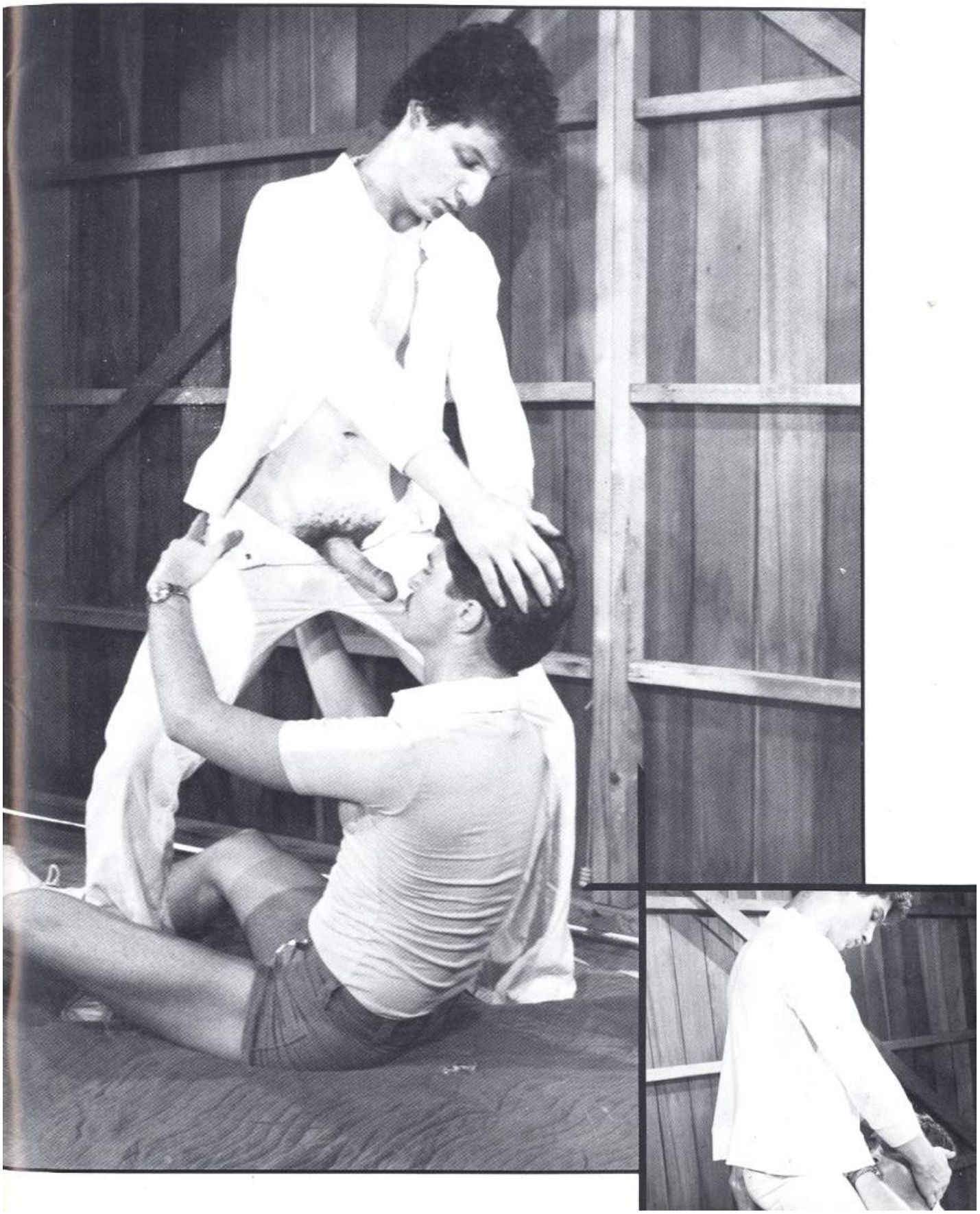


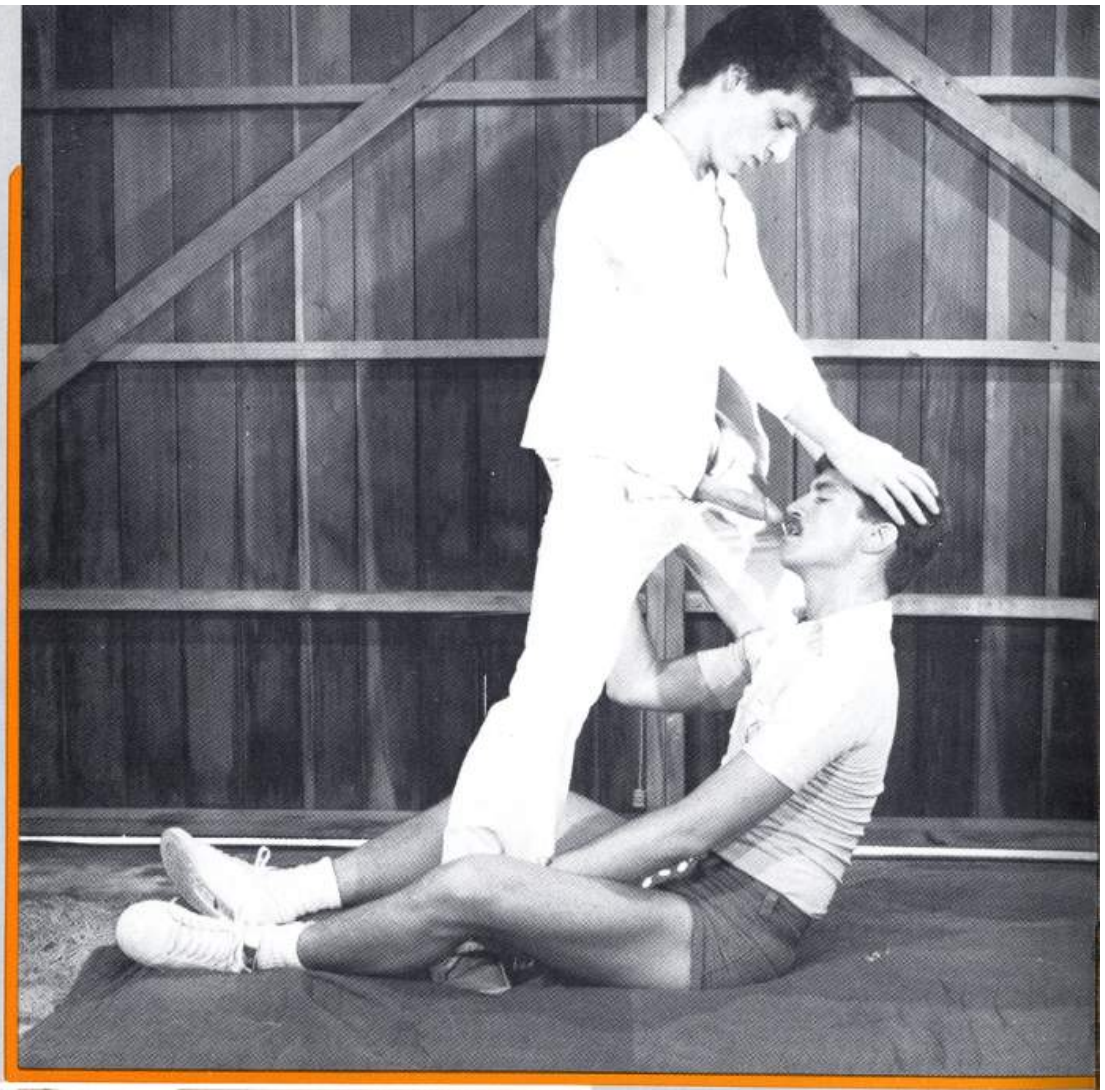


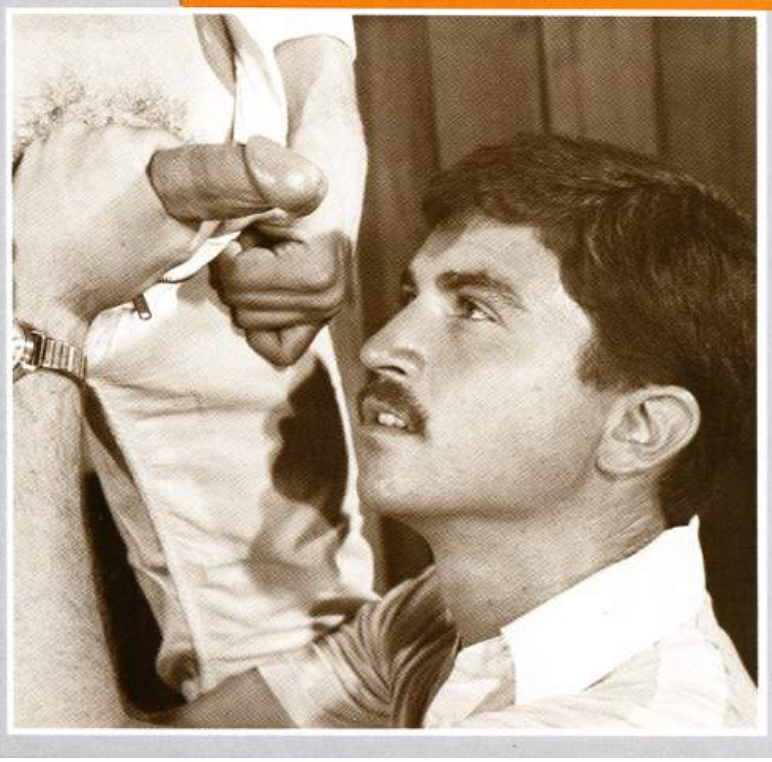


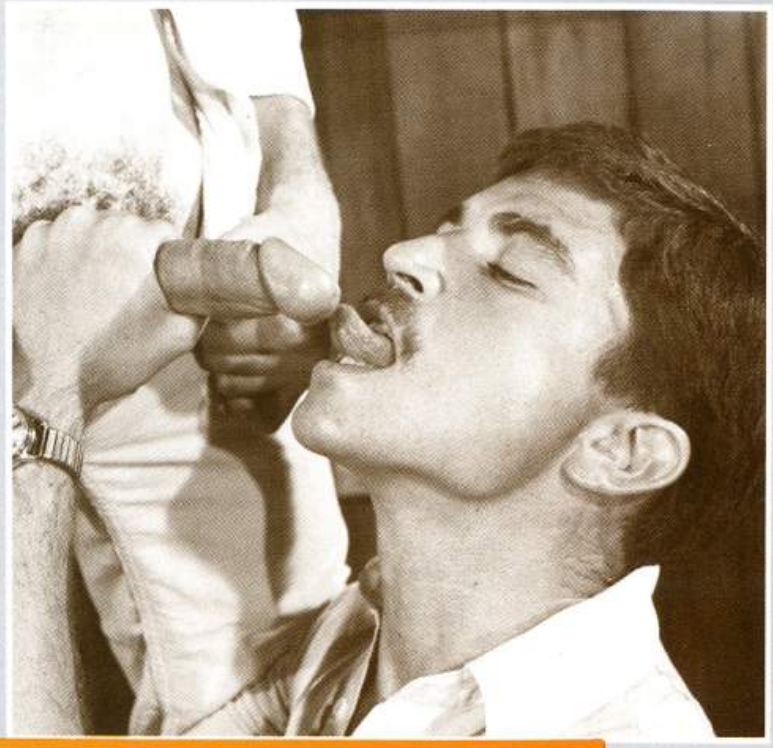


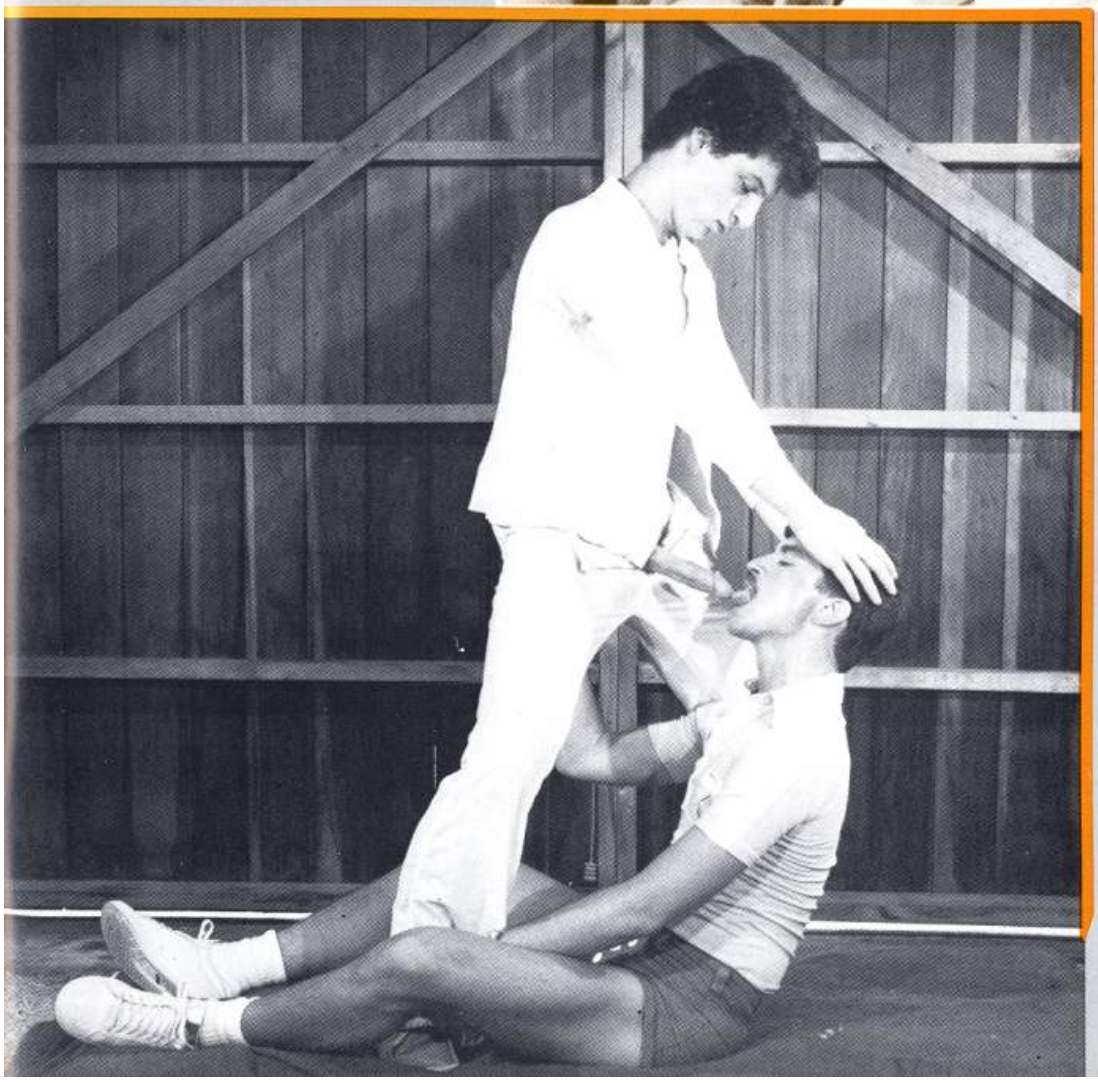


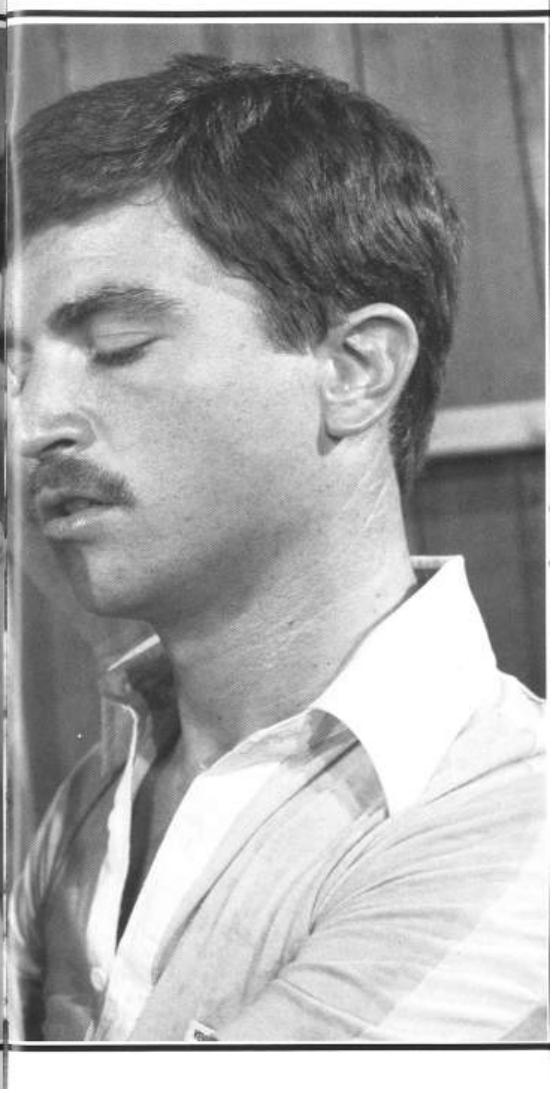


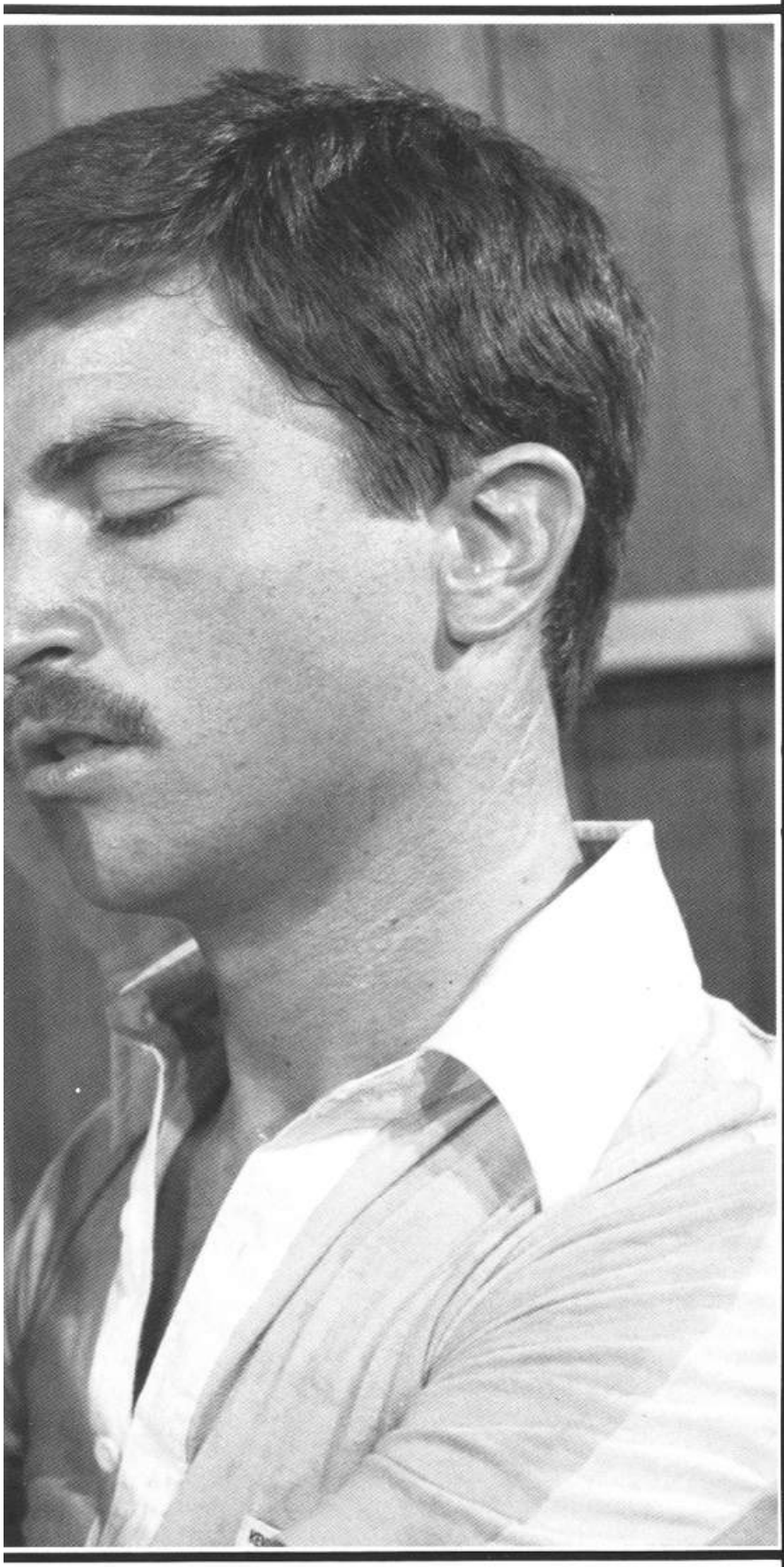


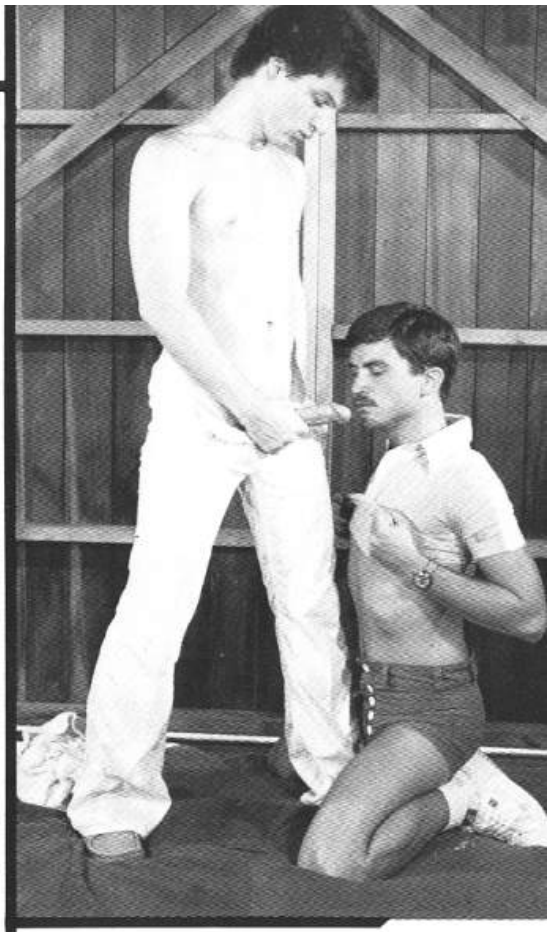


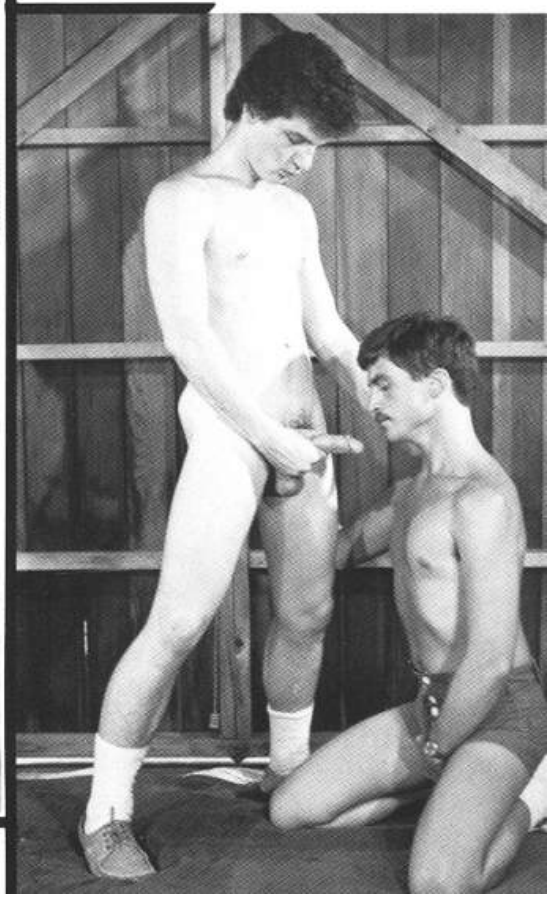


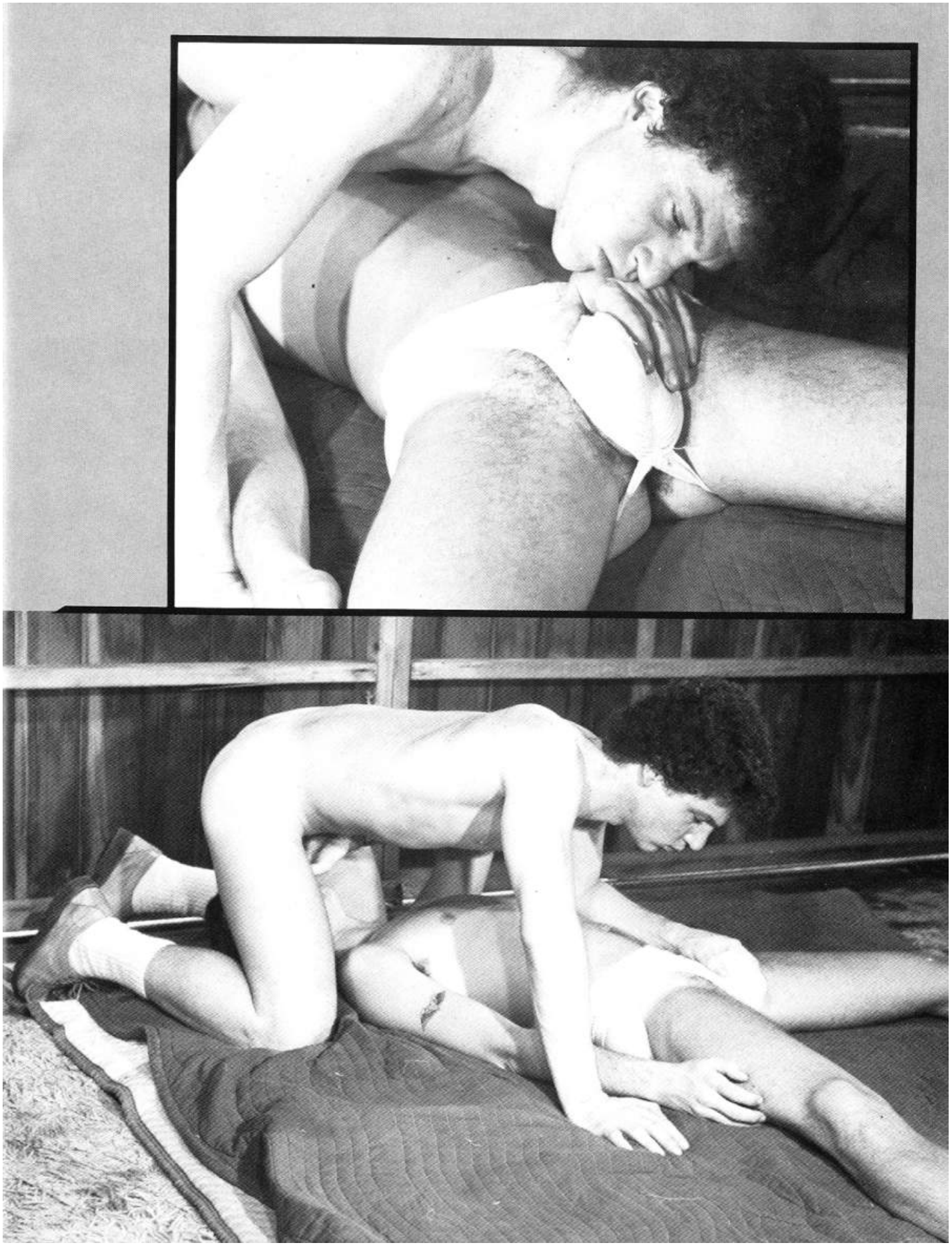


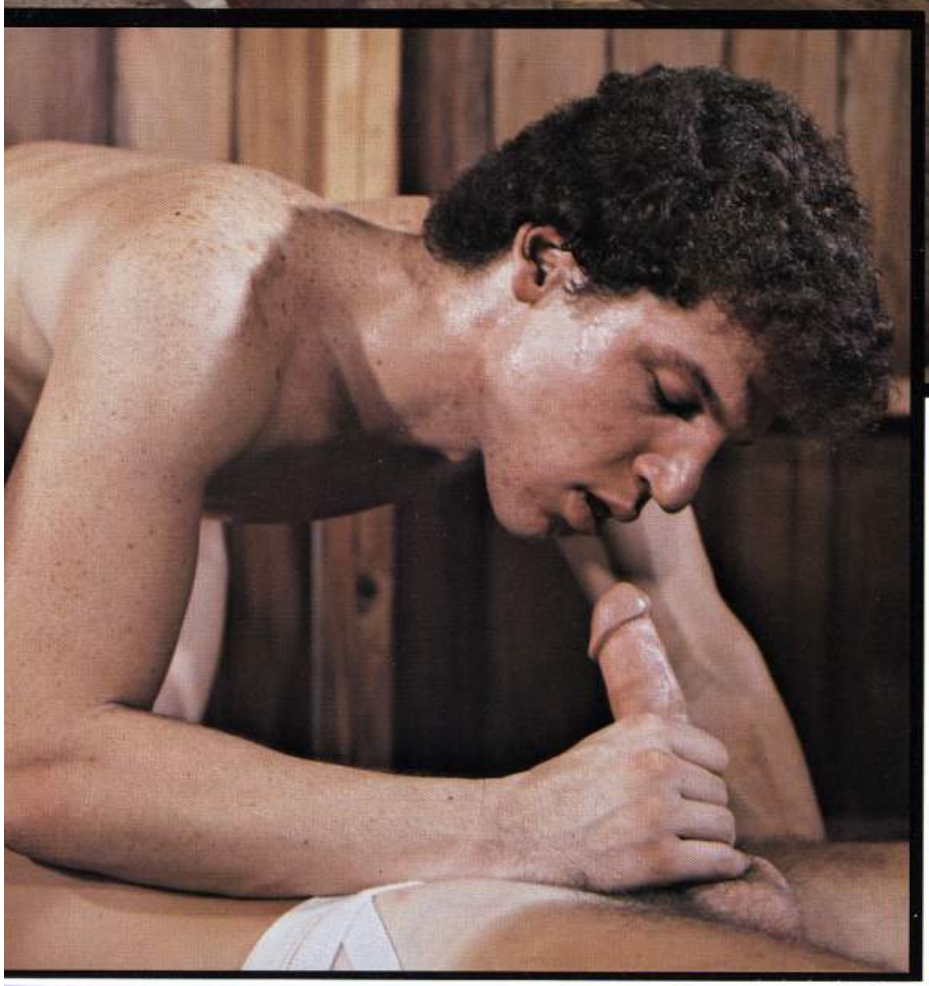


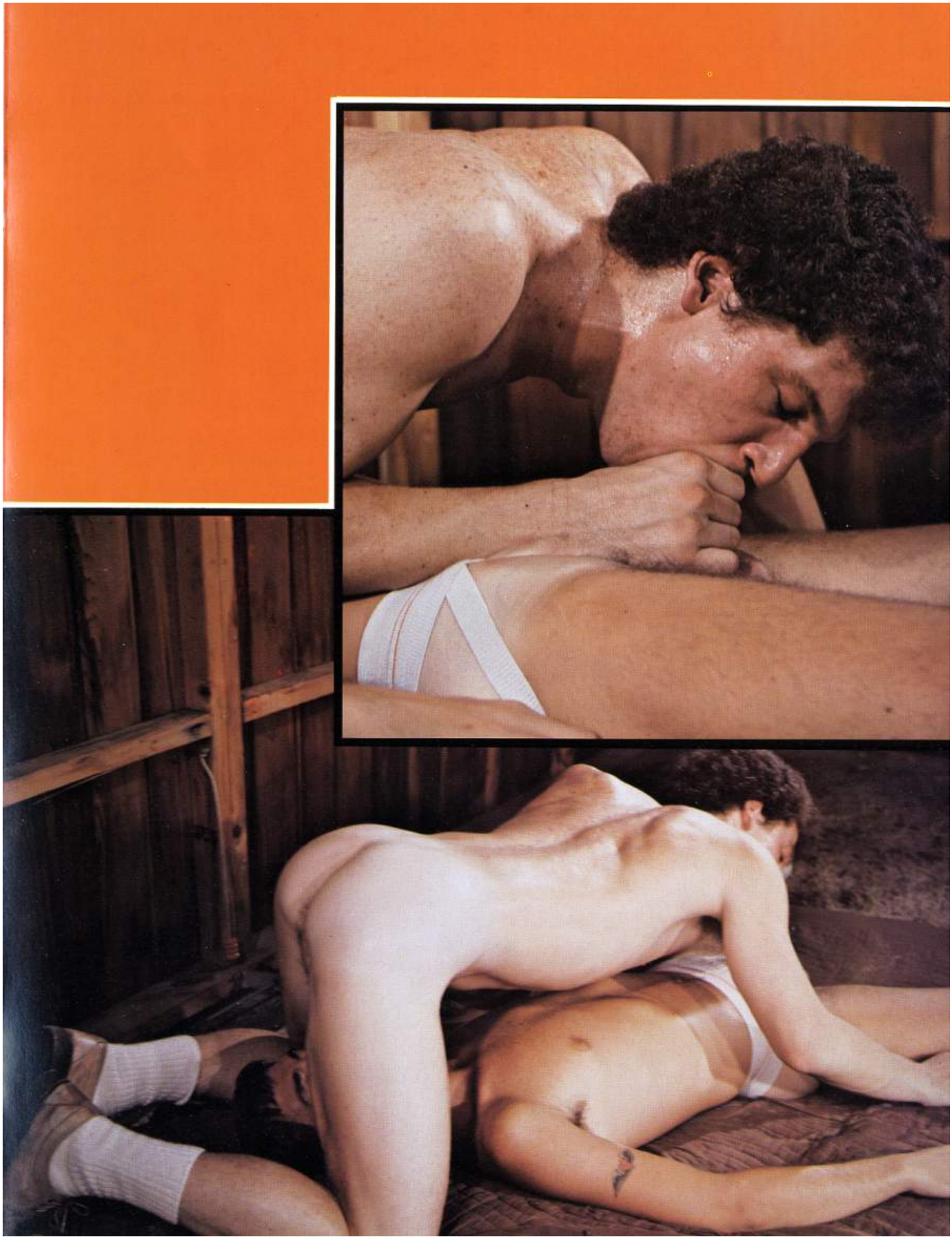


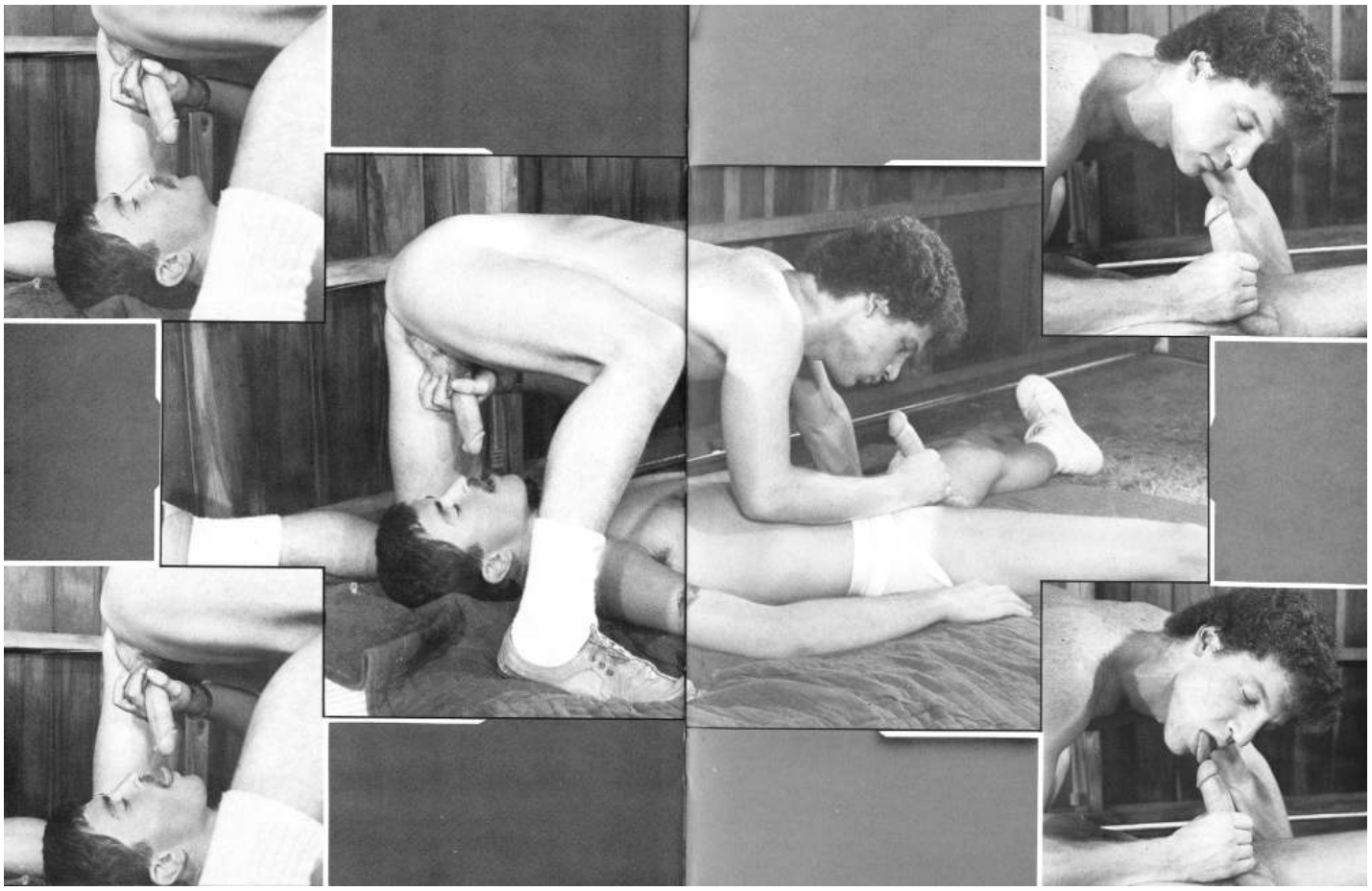


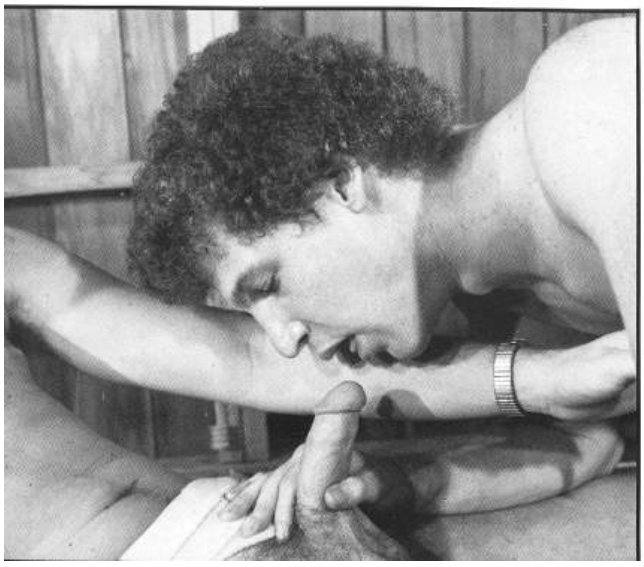


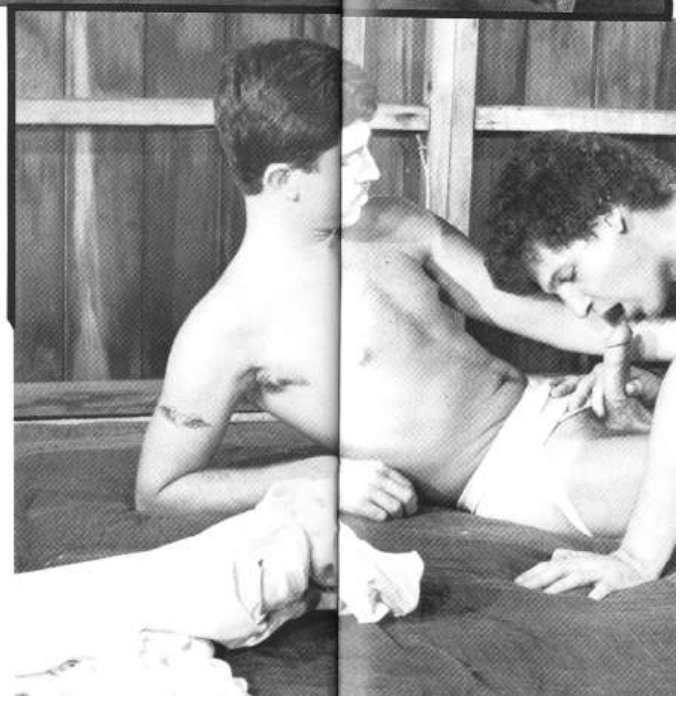


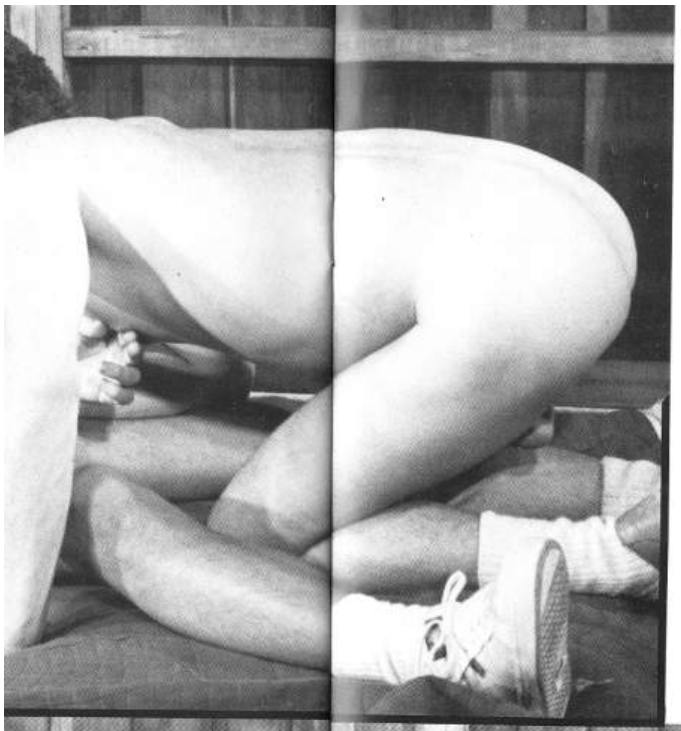


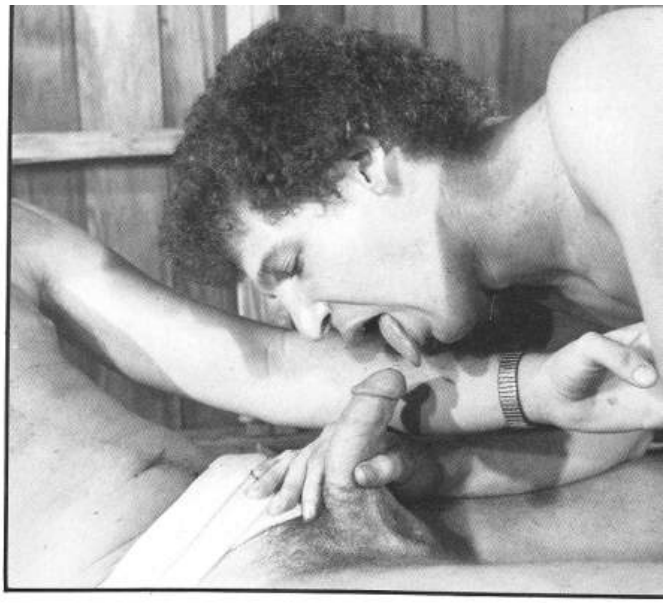


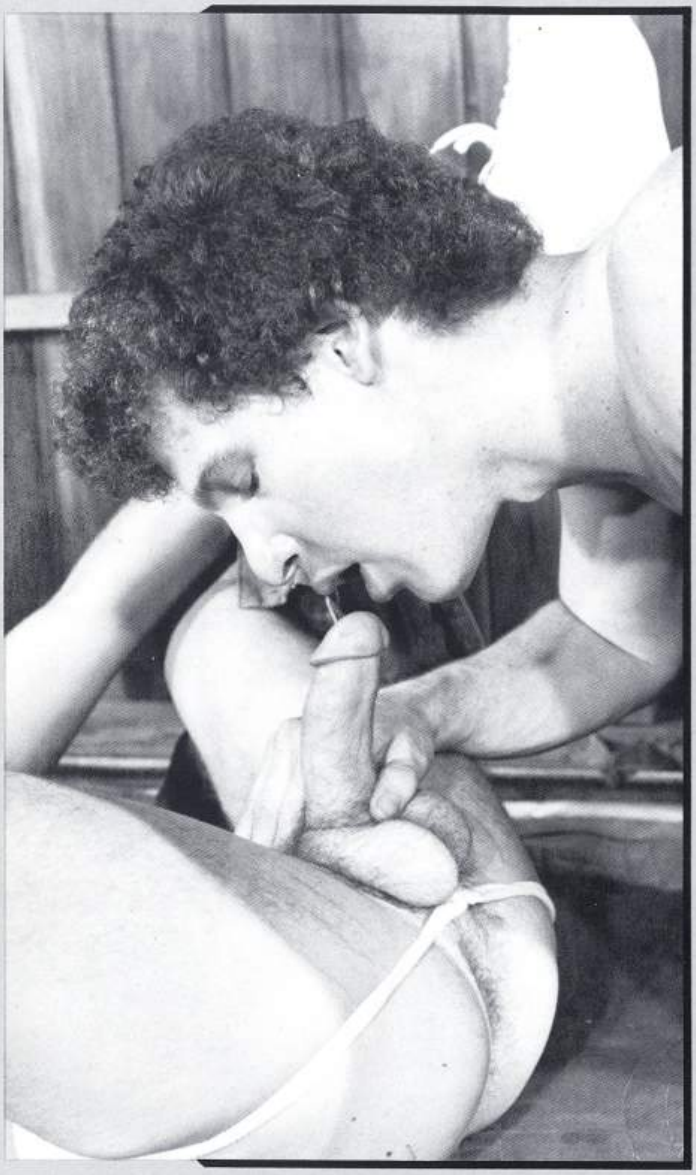


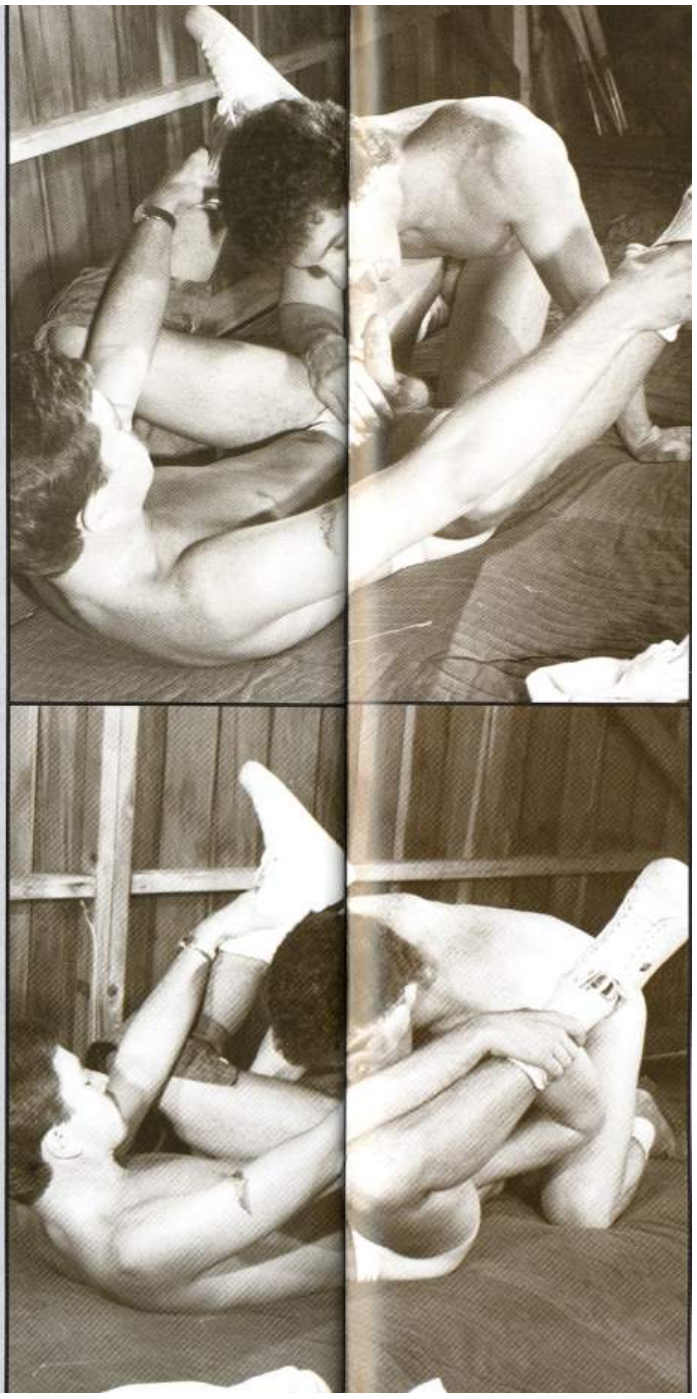


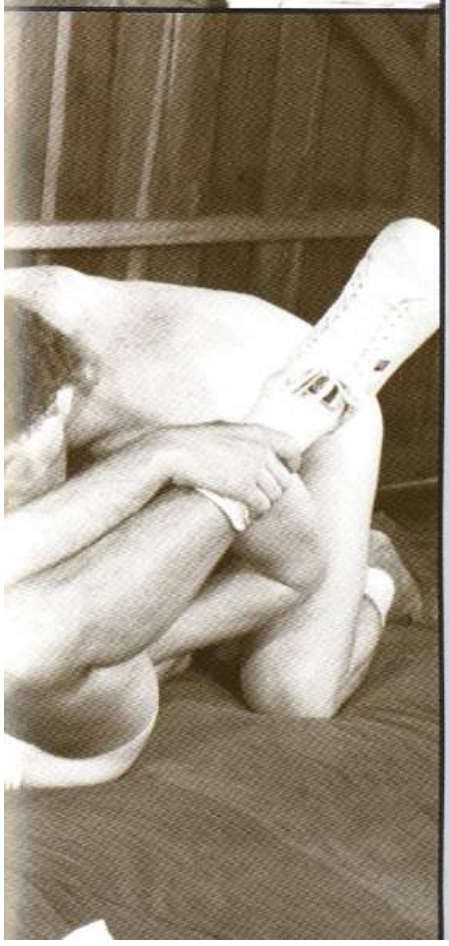


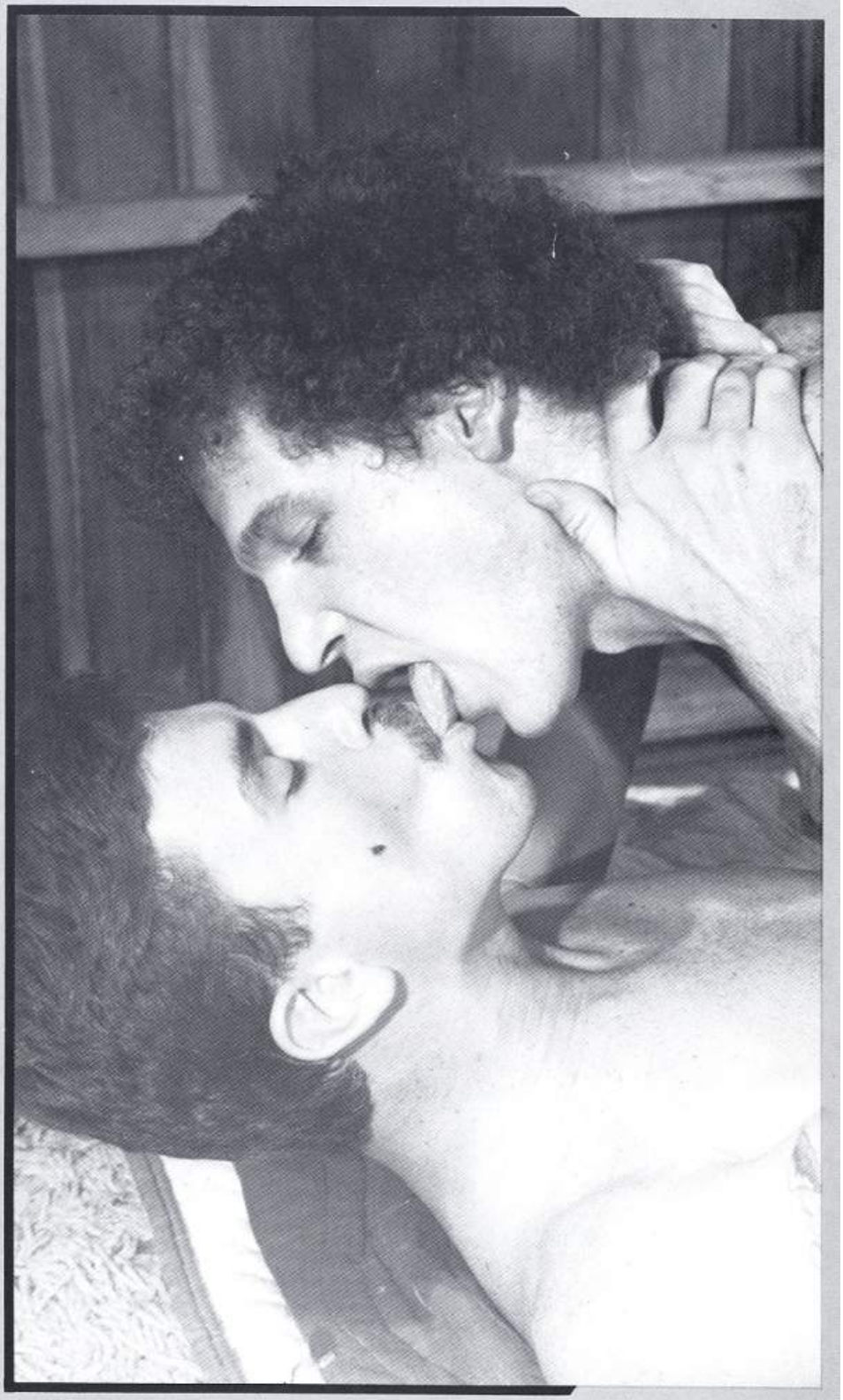


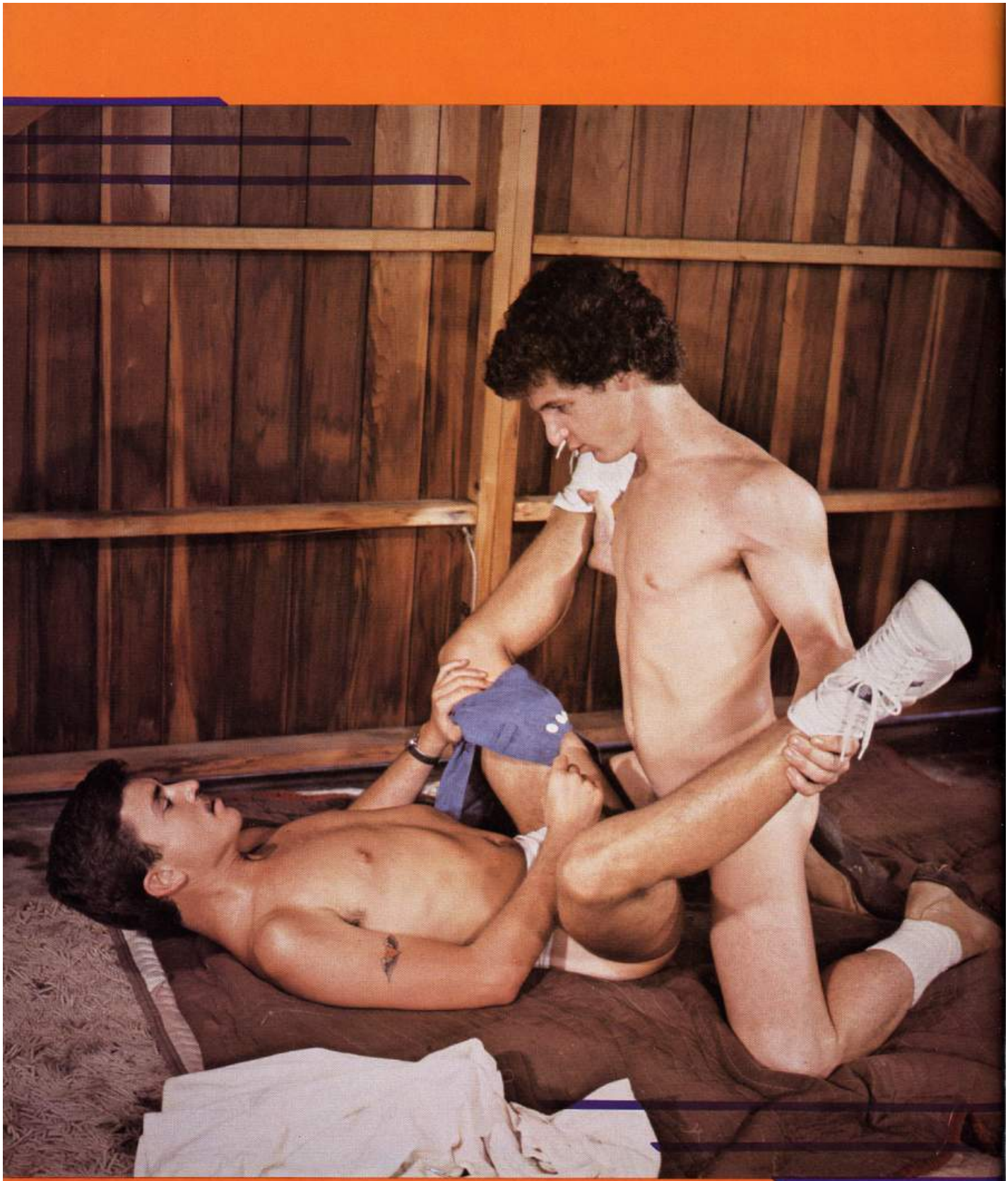


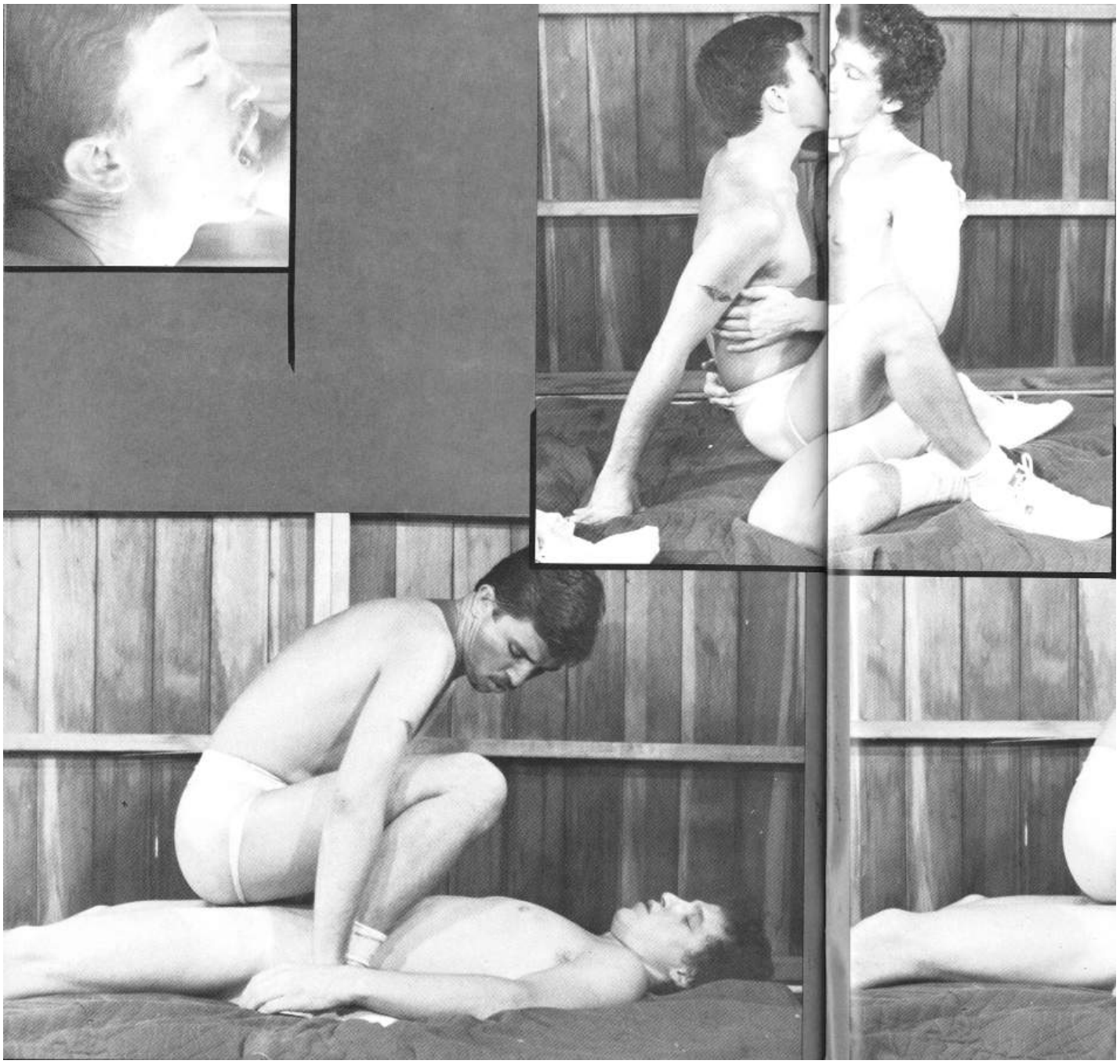


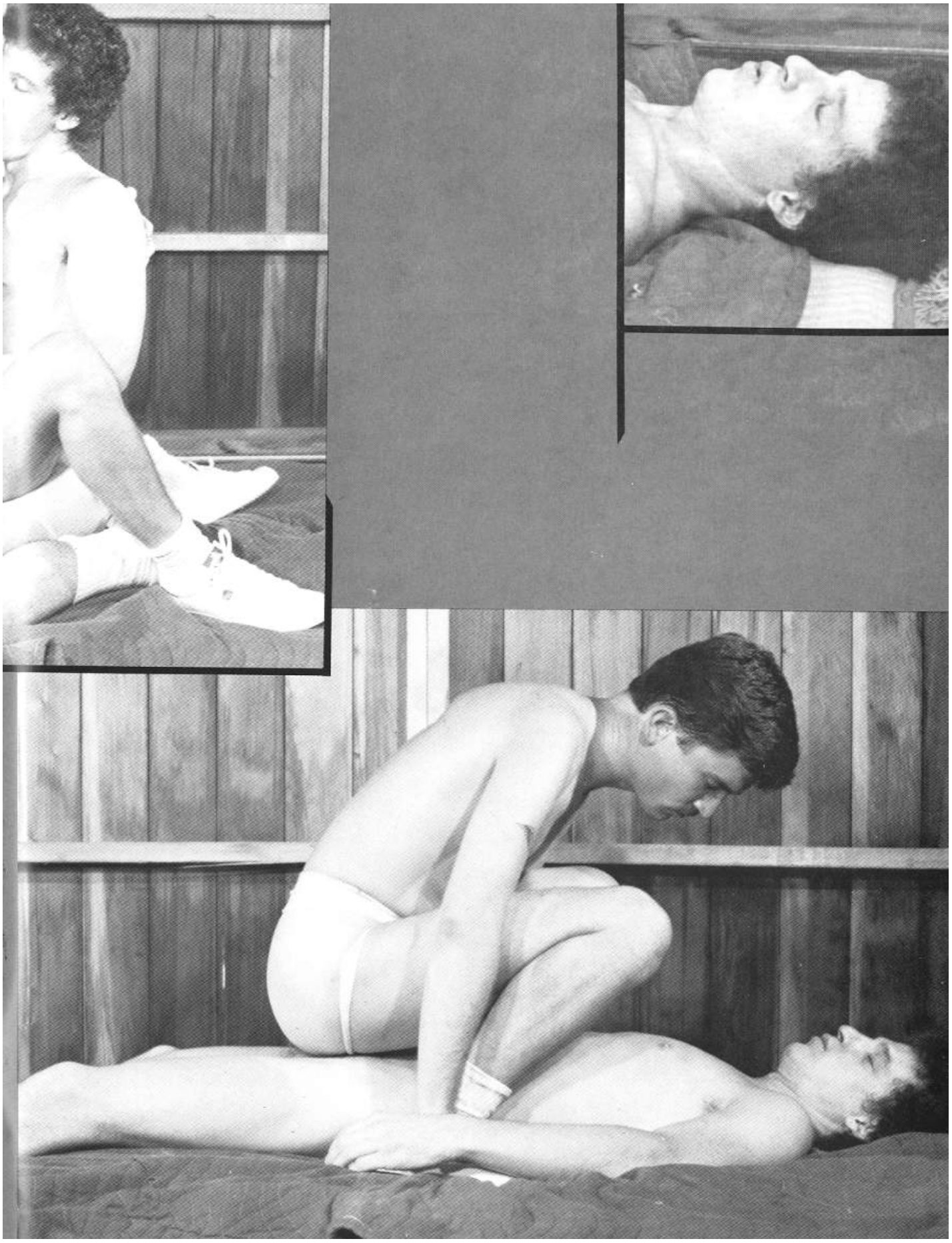


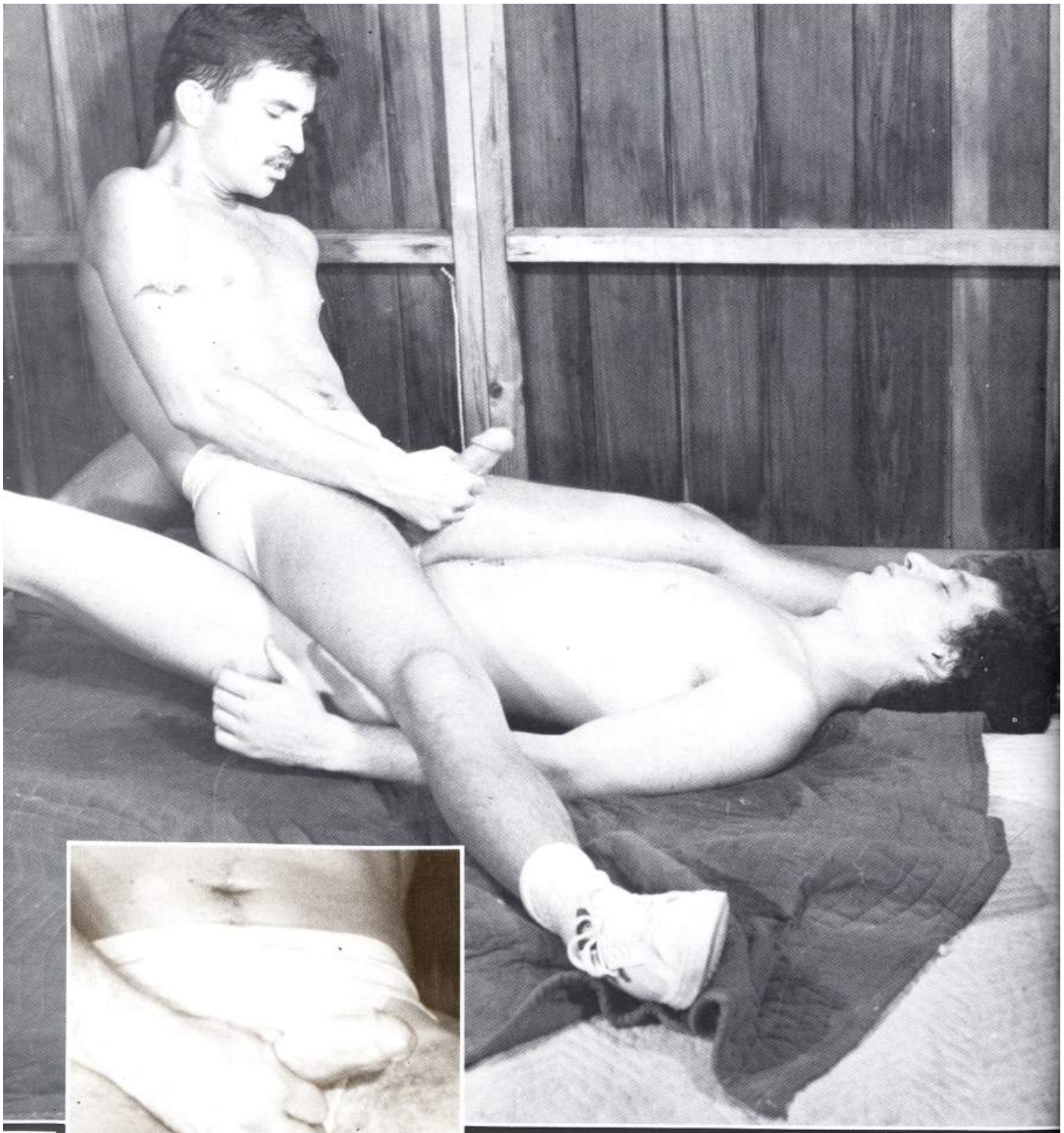


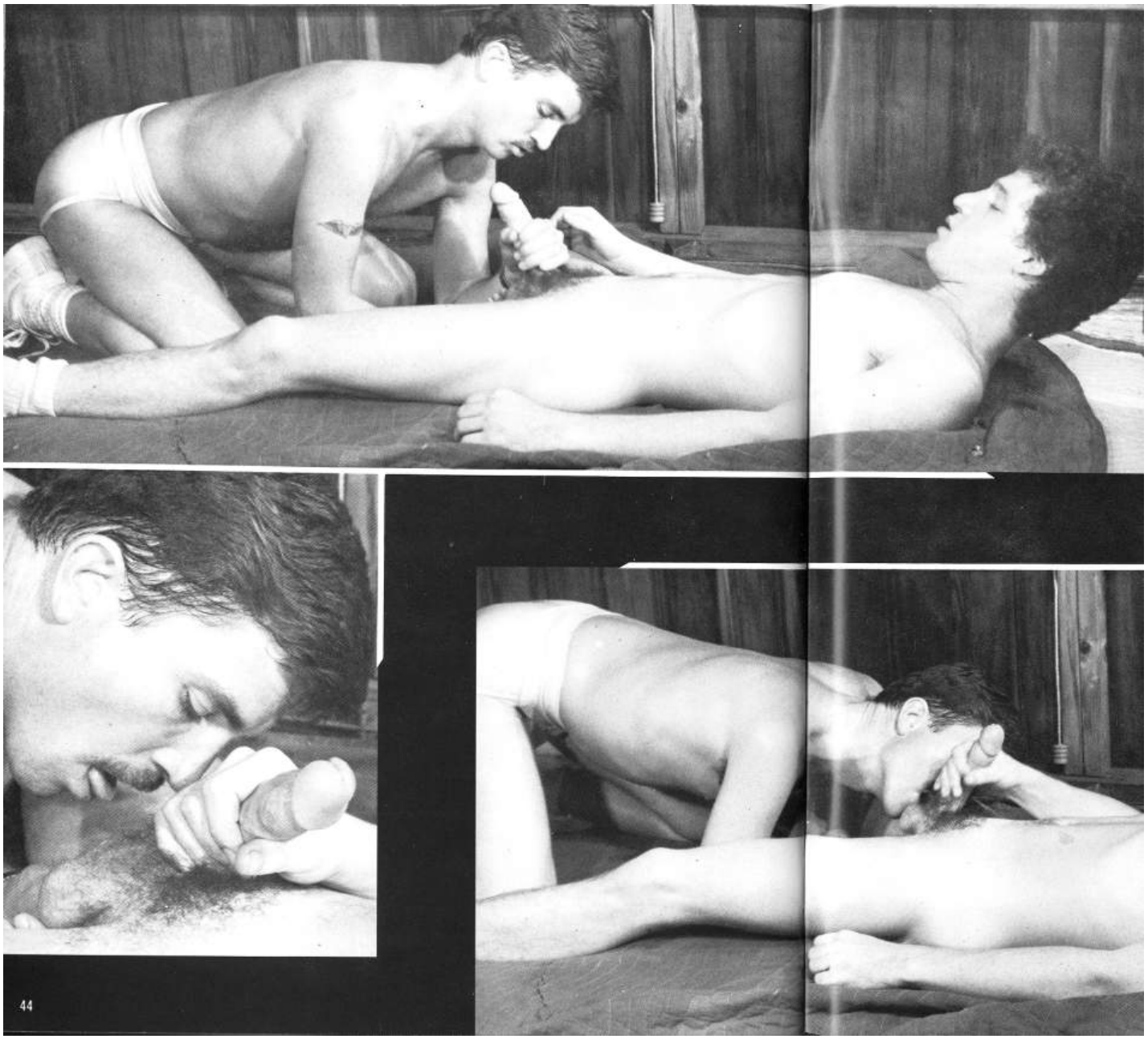


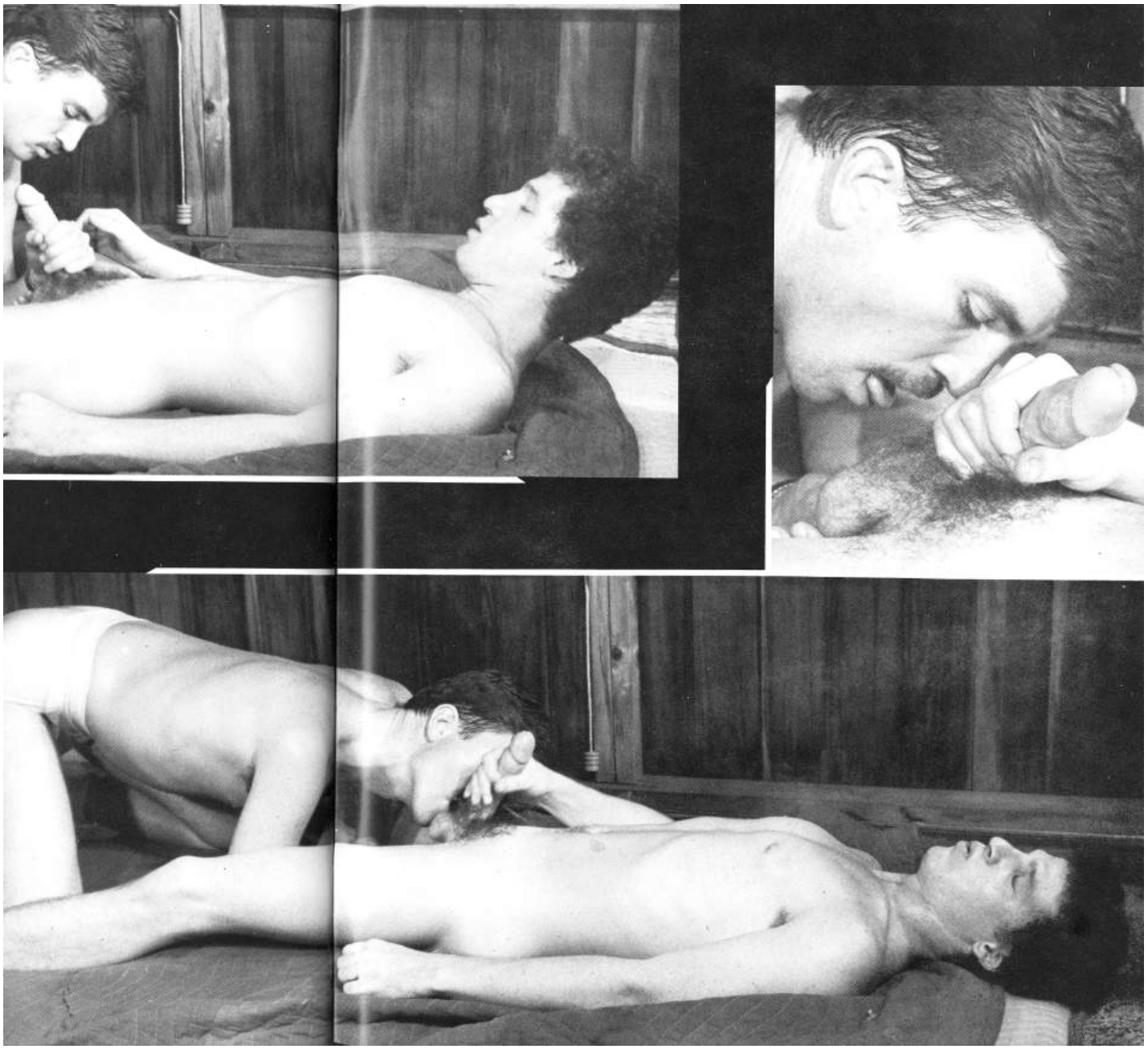


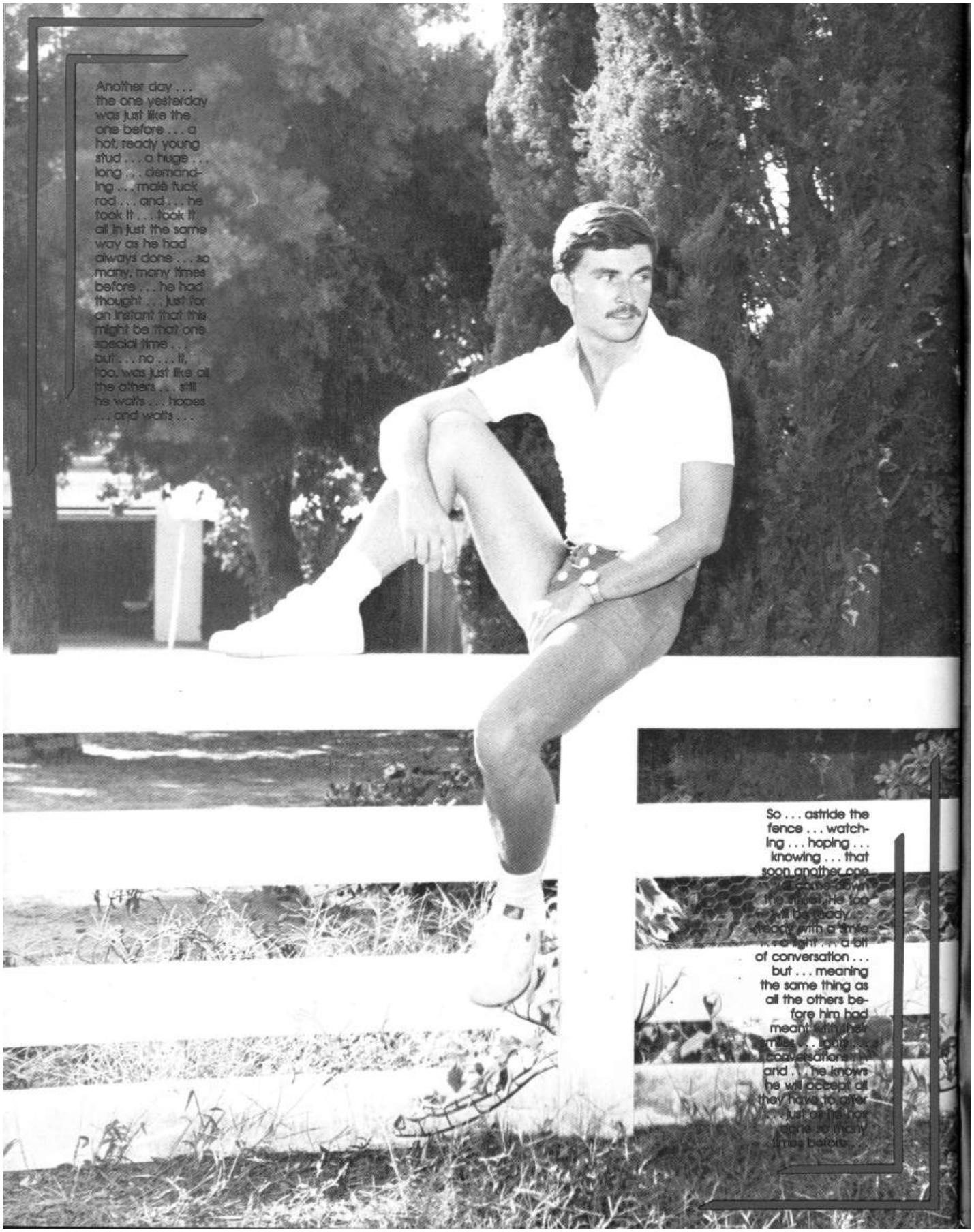








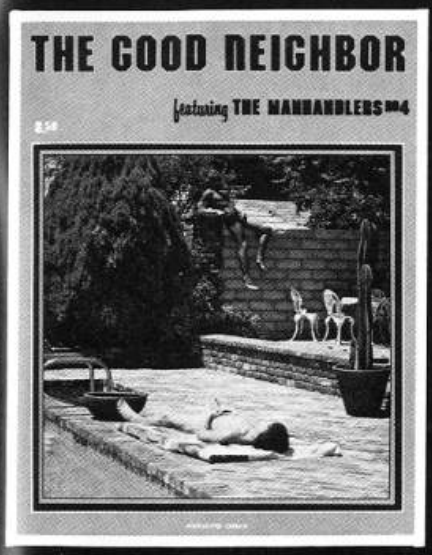


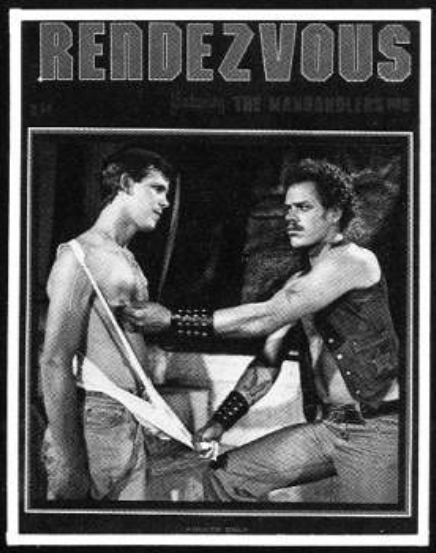

Another day . . . the one yesterday was just like the one before . . . a hot, ready young stud . . . a huge . . . long . . . demanding . . . male fuck rod . . . and . . . he took it . . . took it all in just the same way as he had always done . . . so many, many times before . . . he had thought . . . just for an instant that this might be that one special time . . . but . . . no . . . it, too, was just like all the others . . . still he waits . . . hopes . . . and waits . . .
So . . . astride the fence . . . watching . . . hoping . . . knowing . . . that soon another one . . . will be ready . . . ready with a smile . . . a bit of conversation . . . but . . . meaning the same thing as all the others before him had meant with their . . . and . . . he knows he will accept all they have to offer . . . just as he has done so many times before.

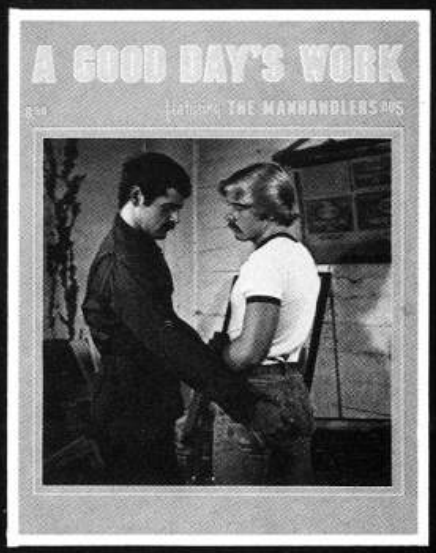
LE SALON

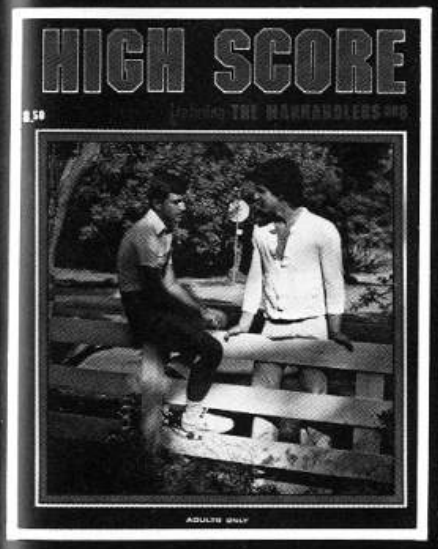
presents

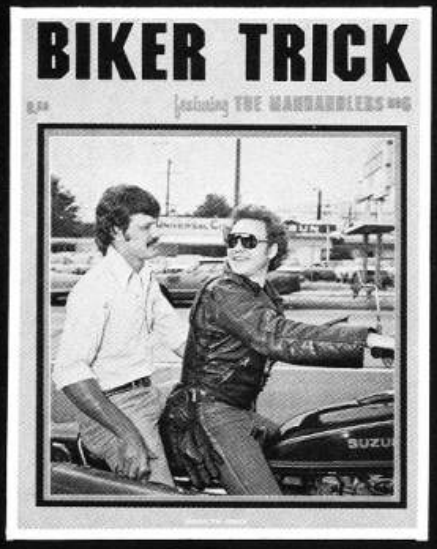
NOTHING BUT THE BEST

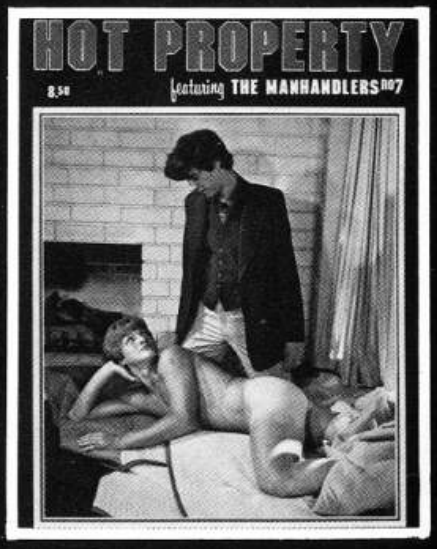












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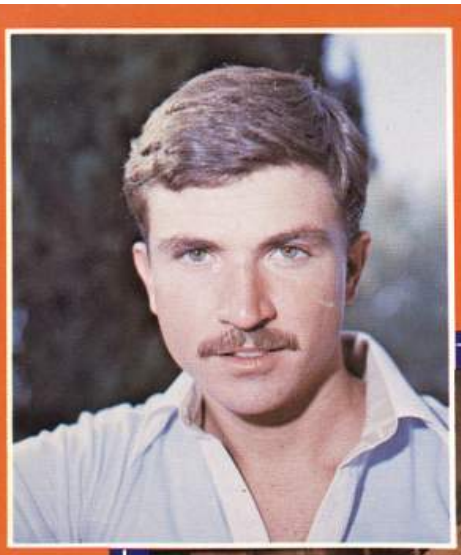

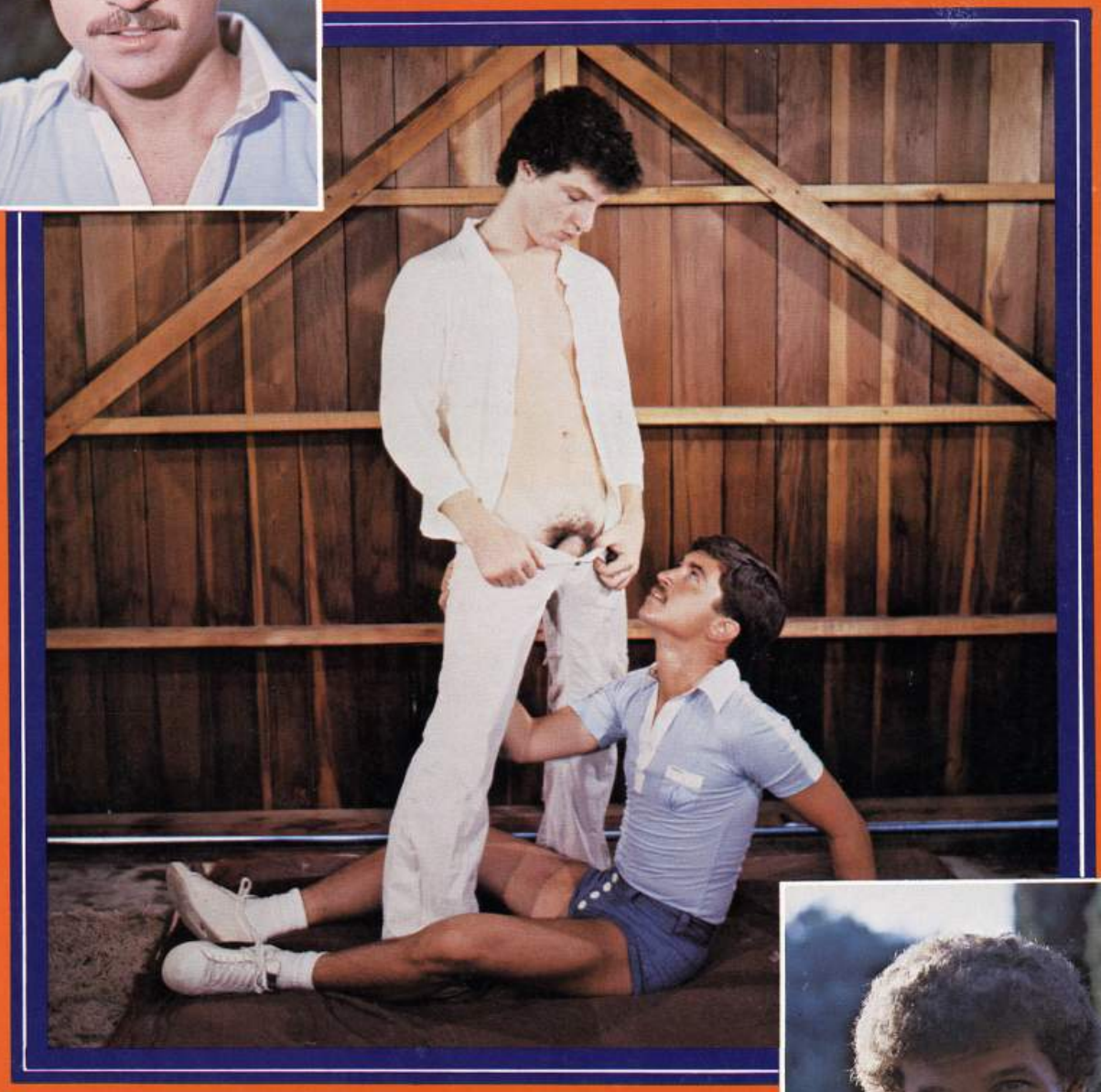

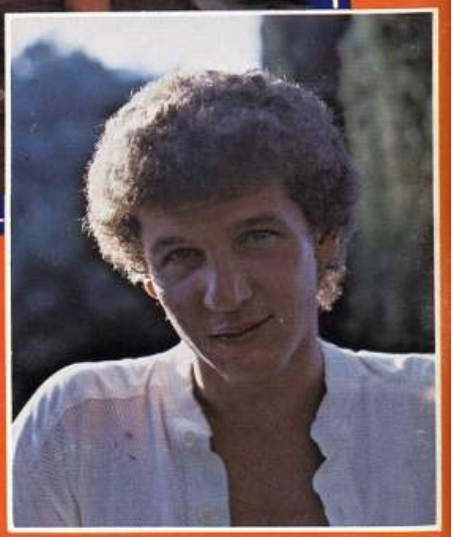

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